THE POEMS OF JOHN DYER



The Welsh Library

EDITED BY OWEN EDWARDS.

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Edited by OWEN M. EDWARDS, Author of "Wales." Each volume Foolscap &vo. 2s. Cloth; 1s. paper.

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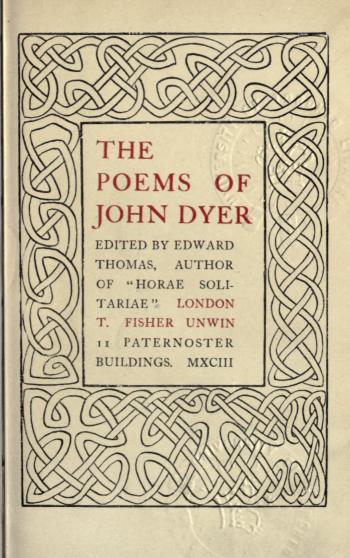
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INTRODUCTION

JOHN DYER, 1701-1757.

JOHN DYER was born at Aberglasney, a considerable house, in the parish of Llangathen, in Caermarthenshire, in 1700 according to some, in 1701 according to others; more probably in 1701. The register which would have shown the date of his birth has been lost, and I can only learn that he was fifty-six years old when he died in 1757. He was the second son of a solicitor "of great reputation," and from father and mother had English blood. He was educated, first at a country school, then at Westminster School, under Dr Freind. Of his attainments we know nothing. It is likely that he painted and wrote verse at an early age; and he is said to have planned "Grongar Hill" when he was sixteen years Before he was ripe for a university, he was called from Westminster to his father's office. Having no taste for the law, he left it on his father's

death, soon afterwards. His taste for painting led him to become a puril of Jonathan Richardson, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Richardson's written work inspired Reynolds, but his teaching would not seem to have matured Dyer's capacity to anything beyond a skilled mediocrity. According to one of his own published letters, the youth, on leaving Richardson, became "an itinerant painter" in South Wales and the neighbouring counties of England. He must have paid visits to London about this time. Savage and Aaron Hill were among his friends. From an epistle by the former, it appears that, like his master, he painted portraits. His character, gentle, amiable, independent and unworldly, endeared him to those whom he met, if it did not attract the literary world.

Probably in 1724, he went, still as a painter, to Italy. He spent two years in Rome and Florence and other cities that were a matter of course. Like some of the next century's poets, whom he faintly but certainly foreshadowed, he was delighted by the riches of Nature, the Renaissance, the Middle Ages, and antiquity, which he saw. With a milder rapture than Shelley's, he was happy in sight of the Baths of Caracalla and the Coliseum. He is said to have been more successful with pen and ink sketches than with crayon and oils; but it may be conjectured that his work in colour and line had little but the indirect value of training his eye in a way that

afterwards served him as a poet of Nature. To "Clio"—probably the "Clio" whom he is known to have painted—he addressed some trifling "Verses from Rome"; Clio sent back a set of verses of equal merit.

1726, the year of his return to England, was a year of some literary activity for Dyer. It was the year of the publication of Thomson's "Winter." Savage's Miscellany of that date contained five pieces from Dyer's pen, viz.: "The Inquiry," an unimportant composition that proves his rural contentment; "To Aaron Hill," a complimentary epistle; "An Epistle to a Painter," i.e. to Richardson; "The Country Walk," and "Grongar Hill." As then published, "Grongar Hill" was not significant. In form "an irregular ode," divided into stanzas, it displayed some unattractive Pindarism and the antics of that day. "The Country Walk," the one wild flower of the collection, slender but unique, in manner suggested the turn which was given later to "Grongar Hill." He was again an itinerant painter.

In 1727, "Grongar Hill" appeared in its final shape. The revision had been happy, but somewhat imperfectly inspired. Thus the opening lines are negligent and vague, and "unhappy fate," etc., is indefensible. But when we consider the fitness of the metre, and the skilful presentation of a mood so uncommon in his day, breathing in the first lines,

and gracefully completed in the last, we must grant to the poem a very special claim. If we exclude consideration of the age in which it appeared, it has still a charm, if only for the small number of readers who care for all the poetry of Nature. As a product of 1727, it must be allowed that it adds to the strength of a necessary link in the chain of English literature that deals poetically with Nature. It has been praised in English and Welsh, and in the last century was paraphrased in Welsh. The manner of Dyer's work, and the combination of personal fancy with accurate observation, make him a closer relative to Wordsworth than his bulky rival Thomson, who was in many ways far more richly gifted. It is necessary to add, since it has been wrongly located, that Grongar is in Caermarthenshire, and in sight of Aberglasney.

It is obvious that Dyer must have been much out of doors. He probably knew South Wales intimately. He had a short, practical experience of agriculture, and a love of animals. At the same time he was not a hearty out-door philosopher. His health was always indifferent, and the Campagna had injured it. He seems to have had an amiable, constitutional melancholy, and must have known the angrier moods of that "sweet enemy"; for, in 1729, he is said to have written his epitaph. He called himself "old and sickly" in middle age; for many years in later

life he was deaf; yet remained true to the character which was given to him by Aaron Hill, who says,

"You look abroad serene And marking both extremes, pass clear between."

After the publication of "Grongar Hill," he continued to write verse. Italy lived impressively in his memory. He probably took many notes during his tour, and certainly made a preparatory sketch of "The Ruins of Rome," which was published in its final shape in 1740. Portions of it have been praised by Johnson, Hervey, Wordsworth and others. It is, indeed, a dignified and impassioned meditation. Like "Grongar Hill," it hints at the ampler manner of the next century. In execution it is sometimes tame, and the poet here uses Miltonisms for the first time; but the conception, and some of the thoughts, might well remind us of Shelley. Here, again, Dyer is to be respected as an interesting link, though "The Ruins of Rome" appears less like a finished poem than a first draft by a powerful hand.

In 1740, or at about that time, he married a Miss Ensor; and failing health and, we may surmise, an aptitude of temperament, led him into the Church. He was presented by "one Mr Harper" to the living of Catthorpe in Leicestershire, in the following year. In 1751, he left Catthorpe for Belchford in Lincolnshire, to which he was appointed by Lord

Hardwicke, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the recommendation of Daniel Wray, Deputy Teller; and in the same year, Sir John Heathcote presented him to the living of Coningsby in Lincolnshire, and in 1755 to Kirky-on-Bane in the same county, in place of Belchford. He became LL.B., Cantab., by royal mandate, in 1752.

Coningsby Rectory was then his home, which he left seldom and unwillingly. He was probably careful in the performance of his duties, preached fair sermons, and built part of the present rectory. He kept his registers with singular neatness. His poems are more or less clearly impressed by reminiscences of such writers as Spenser, Drayton, Milton, Gray, Appollonius Rhodius, Theocritus, Lucretius and Virgil; he quoted from Columella and Janus Vitalis, and in his leisure must have been mainly occupied with books. There seems to be no reason for believing that he understood Welsh. His letters do not lead us to suppose that he was often afield in his later years: he was unable to tell Duncombe when the swallows had appeared, but was "told they had been skimming about his garden this fortnight." Perhaps Lincolnshire was not altogether consoling to one who had known the Towy valley. His last work was full of reminiscences of Wales. At Coningsby, he was busy with his longest poem, "The Fleece." He composed laboriously; and Akenside, who was giving him medical advice,

helped him in the work. It is his biggest effort, and when we consider the subject, his greatest success. A very large proportion of dulness is to be expected from Dyer on wool; but it does not obscure the excellence of his design; even where his thought is rustic, the style is pure; in some places he is nearly grand; in many, felicitous. These isolated lines are characteristic of Dyer at his best:—

" Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech,"

"No prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,"

"Rolling by ruins hoar of antient towns,"

"Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame In gloomy desolation. . . ."

"Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave, Pactolus, Simoïs or Meander slow, Renowned in story, with his plough upturns."

Wordsworth found parts of the poem "dry and heavy," and parts superior to any writer in verse since Milton, for imagination and purity of style. It was praised, among Dyer's contemporaries, by Dr James Grainger, a verse-writer in *The Monthly Review*, and by Gray.

I do not think it necessary to add much size and no light to this volume, by commenting on the numerous proper names of men and places in "The Fleece." I have retained Dyer's spelling—e.g. "Mincoy" for "Minikoi"—almost as it was in the first edition. His abbreviations—as "ev'n" for

"even"—have been as carefully as possible preserved, as illustrating Dyer's (and his century's) preferences in rhythm. In Book I. the 72nd and 89th lines have been changed in accordance with Dyer's directions to the printer. In former editions, these lines have been:—

"Or marl with clay deep mixed, be then thy choice," and

"At a meet distance from the upland ridge."

These unimportant changes, and possibly others, had been suggested, as we learn from Duncombe's correspondence, to Dodsley the publisher; but without effect, because the poet died of a consumptive malady in the year of publication, 15th December, 1757, "aged 56," says the register at Coningsby. There he was buried and remains without memorial.

Postscript.—I thank Mr John Jenkins ("Gwili"), the Rev. Arthur Wright, Rector of Coningsby, and the Rev. J. Alex. Williams, Vicar of Llangathen, for their answers to my enquiries concerning the poet.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Note by the Publisher.

The portrait which appears as a frontispiece to this volume is taken from an Edition of Dyer's Poems, bearing the date 1779. There is, however, some doubt as to its being an authentic likeness of the poet.

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TO THE POET, JOHN DYER

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with Ocean's murmur lulled';
Though hasty fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aërial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

GRONGAR HILL

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye, Who, the purple ev'ning, lie-On the mountain's lonely van, Beyond the noise of busy man Painting fair the form of things, While the yellow linnet sings, Or the tuneful nightingale Charms the forest with her tale; Come, with all thy various hues, Come, and aid thy sister Muse; Now while Phœbus, riding high, Gives lustre to the land and sky. Grongar Hill invites my song; Draw the landscape bright and strong; Grongar in whose mossy cells, 15 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells; Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest Muses made. So oft I have, the ev'ning still, At the fountain of a rill 20 Sat upon a flow'ry bed, With my hand beneath my head, While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood, Over mead and over wood,

B

	From house to house, from hill to hill,	25
	Till Contemplation had her fill.	
	About his chequer'd sides I wind,	
	And leave his brooks and meads behind,	
	And groves and grottoes where I lay,	
	And vistoes shooting beams of day.	30
-	Wide and wider spreads the vale,	
	As circles on a smooth canal:	
	The mountains round, unhappy fate!	
	Sooner or later, of all height,	
	Withdraw their summits from the skies,	35
	And lessen as the others rise:	
F	Still the prospect wider spreads,	
l	Adds a thousand woods and meads;	
	Still it widens, widens still,	
	And sinks the newly-risen hill.	40
	Now I gain the mountain's brow,	
	What a landskip lies below!	
	No clouds, no vapours intervene;	
	But the gay, the open scene	
	Does the face of Nature show	45
	In all the hues of heaven's bow,	
	And, swelling to embrace the light,	
	Spreads around beneath the sight.	
	Old castles on the cliffs arise,	
	Proudly tow'ring in the skies;	50
	Rushing from the woods, the spires	
	Seem from hence ascending fires;	364
	Half his beams Apollo sheds	
	On the yellow mountain-heads,	
	Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,	55
	And glitters on the broken rocks.	
	British of Original Control	

Below me trees unnumber'd rise, Beautiful in various dyes;

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,	:
The yellow beech, the sable yew,	60
The slender fir, that taper grows,	
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,	14
And beyond the purple grove,	
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!	
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,	65
Lies a long and level lawn,	
On which a dark hill, steep and high	
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye:	OAF
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,	
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,	70
And ancient towers crown his brow,	
That cast an awful look below;	
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,	
And with her arms from falling keeps;	
So both a safety from the wind	75
On mutual dependence find.	
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;	
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;	
And there the fox securely feeds,	
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,	80
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;	
While, ever and anon, there falls	
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.	
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,	
And level lays the lofty brow,	85
Has seen this broken pile compleat,	
Big with the vanity of state:	
But transient is the smile of Fate!	
A little rule, a little sway,	
A sunbeam in a winter's day,	90
Is all the proud and mighty have	
Between the cradle and the grave.	

And see the rivers how they run	
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!	
Compating a quift and compating a al-	95
Wave succeeding wave, they go	1
A various journey to the deep,	
Wave succeeding wave, they go A various journey to the deep, Like human life to endless sleep:	
A various journey to the deep, Like human life to endless sleep: Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,	
To instruct our wand'ring thought;	100
Thus she dresses green and gay,	
To disperse our cares away.	
Ever charming, ever new,	
When will the landskip tire the view!	
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,	105
The woody vallies warm and low;	
The windy summit, wild and high,	
Roughly rushing on the sky!	
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,	
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;	110
The town and village, dome and farm,	
Each give each a double charm,	
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.	
See on the mountain's southern side,	
Where the prospect opens wide,	115
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,	
How close and small the hedges lie!	380
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!	
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,	
So little distant dangers seem;	120
So we mistake the future's face,	->
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass;	£.
As yon summits soft and fair,	
Clad in colours of the air,	
Which, to those who journey near,	125
Barren, brown, and rough appear;	

Still we tread the same coarse way;	
The present's still a cloudy day.	
O may I with myself agree,	
And never covet what I see;	130
Content me with an humble shade,	
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;	
For while our wishes wildly roll,	
We banish quiet from the soul;	
Tis thus the busy beat the air,	135
And misers gather wealth and care.	
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,	
As on the mountain-turf I lie;	
While the wanton Zephyr sings,	
And in the vale perfumes his wings;	140
While the waters murmur deep;	
While the shepherd charms his sheep;	
While the birds unbounded fly,	
And with music fill the sky,	
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.	145
Be full, ye Courts! be great who will;	
Search for Peace with all your skill:	
Open wide the lofty door,	
Seek her on the marble floor:	
In vain ye search, she is not there;	150
In vain ye search the domes of Care!	
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,	1 16
On the meads and mountain-heads,	
Along with pleasure close ally'd,	
Ever by each other's side,	155
And often, by the murn'ring rill,	
Hears the thrush, while all is still,	
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.	

THE COUNTRY WALK

THE morning's fair; the lusty sun With ruddy cheek begins to run, And early birds, that wing the skies Sweetly sing to see him rise. I am resolv'd, this charming day, In the open field to stray, And have no roof above my head, But that whereon the gods do tread. Before the yellow barn I see A beautiful variety Of strutting cocks, advancing stout, And flirting empty chaff about: Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood, And turkeys gobbling for their food, While rustics thrash the wealthy floor, 15 And tempt all to crowd the door. What a fair face does Nature show! Augusta! wipe thy dusty brow; A landscape wide salutes my sight Of shady vales and mountains bright; And azure heavens I behold, And clouds of silver and of gold. And now into the fields I go,

22

Where thousand flaming flowers glow,

THE	COUNTRY	WALK	.23
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And every neighb'ring hedge I greet,	25
With honey-suckles smelling sweet.	
Now o'er the daisy-meads I stray,	
And meet with, as I pace my way,	
Sweetly shining on the eye,	45
A riv'let gliding smoothly by,	30
Which shows with what an easy tide	
The moments of the happy glide:	
Here, finding pleasure after pain,	
Sleeping, I see a weary'd swain,	
While his full scrip lies open by,	35
That does his healthy food supply.	
Happy swain! sure happier far	511
Than lofty kings and princes are!	
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,	
With all its easy beds of down.	. 40
The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze	
And sheds around me burning rays.	
A little onward, and I go-	
Into the shade that groves bestow,	
And on green moss I lay me down,	45
That o'er the root of oak has grown;	
Where all is silent, but some flood,	
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;	
But birds that warble in the sprays,	
And charm ev'n Silence with their lays.	50
Oh! pow'rful Silence! how you reign	. ,
In the poet's busy brain!	
His num'rous thoughts obey the calls	
Of the tuneful water-falls;	
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,	55
They rise before thee without fear,	00
And range in parties here and there.	
Some wildly to Parnassus wing,	
And view the fair Castalian spring,	

Where they behold a lonely well	60
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell,	
But now and then a slavish hind	
Paddling the troubled pool they find.	
Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,	
Others the blissful scene destroy,	65
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,	
And pine for Clio far away.	
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,	
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!	
No, it is not her voice I find;	70
'Tis but the echo stays behind.	10
Some meditate Ambition's brow,	4.7
And the black gulf that gapes below;	200
Some peep in courts, and there they see	
The sneaking tribe of Flattery:	75
But, striking to the ear and eye,	
A nimble deer comes bounding by!	
When rushing from you rustling spray	
It made them vanish all away.	1
I rouse me up, and on I rove;	80
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.	
The sun declines, the evening breeze	
Begins to whisper thro' the trees;	
And as I leave the sylvan gloom,	
As to the glare of day I come,	85
An old man's smoky nest I see	
Leaning on an aged tree,	
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,	
A little garden sway below:	
Thro' spreading beds of blooming green,	90
Matted with herbage sweet and clean,	,
A vein of water limps along,	
And makes them ever green and young.	

Here he puffs upon his spade,	
And digs up cabbage in the shade:	95
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,	
His beard and hair are hoary grown;	
The dying sap descends apace,	
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.	
Up Grongar Hill I labour now/	100
And catch at last his bushy brow.	
Oh! how fresh, how pure, the air!	
Let me breathe a little here.	
Where am I, Nature? I descry	
Thy magazine before me lie.	105
Temples !—and towns !—and towers !—and woods	!
And hills !—and vales !—and fields !—and floods !	
Crowding before me, edg'd around	
With naked wilds and barren ground.	
See, below, the pleasant dome,	110
The poet's pride, the poet's home,	
Which the sunbeams shine upon	
To the even from the dawn.	
See her woods, where Echo talks,	
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,	115
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,	
Her gloomy bow'rs and shining lakes.	1
Keep, ye Gods! this humble seat	
For ever pleasant, private, neat.	
See yonder hill, uprising steep,	120
Above the river slow and deep;	
It looks from hence a pyramid,	
Beneath a verdant forest hid;	
On whose high top there rises great	
The mighty remnant of a seat,	125
An old green tow'r, whose batter'd brow	
Frowns upon the vale below.	

Look upon that flow'ry plain,	
How the sheep surround their swain,	
TT II I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	130
All careless with his legs across,	
Leaning on a bank of moss,	
He spends his empty hours at play,	
Which fly as light as down away.	
And there behold a bloomy mead,	1-35
A silver stream, a willow shade,	
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,	
Who, with the angle in his hand,	
Swings the nibbling fry to land.	
In blushes the descending sun	140
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;	
And yonder hill remoter grows,	
Or dusky clouds do interpose.	
The fields are left, the labouring hind	
His weary oxen does unbind;	145
And vocal mountains, as they low,	
Re-echo to the vales below;	
The jocund shepherds piping come,	
And drive the herd before them home;	
And now begin to light their fires,	150
Which send up smoke in curling spires;	(18)
While with light hearts all homeward tend,	
To Aberglasney I descend.	1
But, oh! how bless'd would be the day	
Did I with Clio pace my way,	155
And not alone and solitary stray.	

AN EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town, Forgot such a man as John Dyer? Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown, Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades— 5 (Contented!—why everything charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades!
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me:

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
The swift, the intrepid avenger;
Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain We heap up in sin and in sorrow! Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain! Is not life to be over to-morrow.

10

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have, Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even, While gently the body descends to the grave, And the spirit arises to heaven.

TO AURELIA

SEE, the flowery Spring is blown, Let us leave the smoky Town: From the Mall, and from the Ring, Every one has taken wing; Cloe, Strephon, Corydon, To the meadows all are gone; What is left you worth your stay? Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come, Aurelia, come and see
What a lodge I've dress'd for thee;
But the seat you cannot see,
'Tis so hid with jessamy,
With the vine that o'er the walls,
And in every window, crawls;
Let us there be blithe and gay!
Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come with all thy sweetest wiles, With thy graces and thy smiles; Come, and we will merry be, Who shall be so blest as we? We will frolic all the day, Haste, Aurelia, while we may: Ay! and should not life be gay? Yes, Aurelia—come away.

5

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+

THE RUINS OF ROME

"Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ:
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?"—JANUS VITALIS.

["Look at all the walls, the stones dislodged, the vast theatres brought low by the power of decay. That is Rome. And do you see how the very corpse of such a city is still imperial and seems to offer menaces?"]

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales -Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt, I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts. And what in metal or in stone remains Of proud Antiquity, thro' various realms And various languages and ages fam'd, Bears me remote o'er Gallia's woody bounds, O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote, beyond The vale of Arno, purpled with the vine, Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills, To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste, Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse! Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight; Lo! the resistless theme, imperial Rome. Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap! her heroes all Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,

10

15

40

45

50

The throne of nations, fall'n! obscur'd in dust; Ev'n yet majestical: the solemn scene Elates the soul, while now the rising sun 20 Flames on the ruins in the purer air Tow'ring aloft upon the glittering plain, Like broken rocks, a vast circumference! Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles, Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on bury'd tombs! 25 Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk Immense along the waste; minuter art, Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair, O'erwhelming; as th' immense leviathan The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge, Gray-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast

The solitary landscape, hills and woods, And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows 35 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they Of hourly peril, tho' the clefted domes Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft, At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears Aghast the voice of Time, disparting tow'rs, Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,

Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon;

While murmurs soothe each awful interval Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile, Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins, And palmy Euphrates: they with dropping locks Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among

The plaintive echoing ruins pour their streams. Yet here, advent'rous in the sacred search Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind, Curious and modest, from all climes resort, Grateful society! with these I raise

The toilsome step up the proud Palatin, Thro' spiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine, Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows, 55 On num'rous arches rear'd; and, frequent stopp'd, The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm. Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound Of aisles and halls within the mountain's womb. Nor these the nether works; all these beneath. 60 And all beneath the vales and hills around, Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm, As the Sibylline grot beside the dead Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge, Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms 65 Each wave impure; and proud with added rains, Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults, And thunder! how they heave their rocks in vain! Tho' now incessant time has roll'd around A thousand winters o'er the changeful world, 70 And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell In vain, convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave. Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts, That weave their glitt'ring wave with tuneful lapse 75 Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear, Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along, And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones. And intermingling vines, and figur'd nymphs, 80 Floras and Chloes of delicious mould, Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs, And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring shades, Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs; 85 A solemn wllderness! with error sweet I wind the lingering step, where'er the path

Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx, Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan, 90 Terrific, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous gods Of fear and ignorance, by the sculptor's hand Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n now Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths In varied appellations: men to these 95 (From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n) At length ascrib'd th' Inapplicable Name. How doth it please and fill the memory With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand Historic urns and breathing statues rise, 100 And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern, Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form Of Caesar, raptur'd with the charm of rule And boundless fame; impatient for exploits, His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought 105 Above all height: and his own Brutus see, Desponding Brutus! dubious of the right, In evil days of faith, of public weal, Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd, IIO His outstretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak Before the silent masters of the world, And eloquence arrays him. There behold, Prepar'd for combat in the front of war, 115. The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands In fearful expectation of the strife, And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes Fall on each other's neck in silent tears; In sorrowful benevolence embrace-Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing sword 120 Their country calls to arms; now all in vain The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair

Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms. Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rouz'd; Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd 125 The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke: So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these Deep musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame Greatly to serve my country, distant land, And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust 130 Of these fall'n piles with show of sad decay Avert the good resolve, mean argument, The fate alone of matter. Now the brow We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct The num'rous porticoes and domes upswell, 135 With obelisks and columns interpos'd, And pine, and fir, and oak; so fair a scene Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds Proud Memphis' relics o'er th' Egyptian plain; 140 Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow, Tho' graceful Athens in the vale beneath. Along the windings of the Muse's stream, Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools And groves, unvisited by bard or sage. 145 Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme, Th' enormous amphitheatre behold. Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb Pours the broad firmament its vary'd light, While from the central floor the seats ascend 150 Round above round, slow wid'ning to the verge, A circuit vast and high; nor less had held Imperial Rome and her attendant realms, When, drunk with rule, she will'd the fierce delight, And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out rush'd, 155 Before th' innumerable shouting crowd, The fiery madded tyrants of the wilds,

Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,	
And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!	
By frequent converse with familiar death	160
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;	
To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart,	
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress	
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye!	
Behold yon' steepy cliff; the modern pile	165
Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd	
In ancient days the page alone declares,	
Or narrow coin thro' dim cerulean rust.	
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,	
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,	170
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills	
Half the round sun ascends, and tower'd aloft,	
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous	
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights	
Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd	175
Too-prosp'rous Israel from his living Strength.	
And next regard yon' venerable dome	
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,	
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd	
Pantheon; plain and round, of this our world	180
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace	
Before its ample orb projected stands	
The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work	
Of human skill! Here, curious Architect,	
If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass	185
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,	
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,	
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark	
How far in hidden art the noble plan	
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence	190
Of flowing sculpture; nor neglect to note	
How range the taper columns, and what weight	

Their leafy brows sustain; fair Corinth first Boasted their order, which Callimachus (Reclining studious on Asopus' banks 195 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph) Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd Thinly conceal'd the chapiter inform'd. See the tall obelisks from Memphis old, One stone enormous each, or Thebes, convey'd; 200 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies: And there the temple where the summon'd state In deep of night conven'd; ev'n yet methinks The veh'ment orator in rent attire Persuasion pours; Ambition sinks her crest; 205 And, lo! the villain, like a troubled sea, That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd Shall Treason walk? shall proud Oppression yoke The neck of Virtue? Lo! the wretch abash'd, Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty! 210 Parent of happiness, celestial born; When the first man became a living soul His sacred genius thou: be Britain's care; With her secure prolong thy lov'd retreat; Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons, 215 Ev'n vet there are, to shield thine equal laws, Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake. May others more delight in tuneful airs, In mask and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone 220 Give with superior skill the living look; More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft With warmer touch the visionary board:

But thou thy nobler Britons teach to rule, To check the ravage of tyrannic sway,

To quell the proud, to spread the joys of peace, And various blessings of ingenious trade. 225

rigel

Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,	
Ever defend, thee with undaunted heart.	
Inestimable good! who giv'st us Truth,	230
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth!	
Array'd in ev'ry charm; whose hand benign	
Teaches unwear'd Toil to clothe the fields,	
And on his various fruits inscribes the name	
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old	235
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,	
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,	
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,	
Whose num'rous towns, and isles, and peopled sea	as,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note	240
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,	
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign	
Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in strength,	
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream	
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes	245
Devoted to the voice of humbler pray'r;	
And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious, vast,	
In days of dearth, where tender Charity	
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.	
Thine, too, those musically-falling founts,	250
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,	
Musical ever, while from yon' blue hills,	
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts	
Turn their innumerable arches o'er	
The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,	255
Proud and more proud in their august approach:	
High o'er irriguous vales, and woods, and towns,	
Glide the soft-whisp'ring waters in the wind,	
And, here united, pour their silver streams	
Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,	260
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works;	
And what beside felicity could tell	

Of human benefit: more late the rest; At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise, When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile. 265 Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome Couches beneath the ruins; there of old With arms and trophies gleam'd the Field of Mars: There to their daily sports the noble youth Rush'd emulous, to fling the pointed lance, 270 To vault the steed, or with the kindling wheel In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal; Or, wrestling, cope, with adverse swelling breasts, Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet; Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd 275 Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles, The proud triumphal arches, all their wars, Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live. And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads, With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame! 280 Deserve they not regard? o'er whose broad flints Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war, So many pomps, so many wond'ring realms: Yet still thro' mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd, In even state to distant seas around 285 They stretch their pavements. Lo! the fane of Peace Built by that prince who to the trust of pow'r Was honest, the delight of human-kind. Three nodding aisles remain, the rest an heap Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roof 200 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor, As from a shining sea, majestic rose An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake, Charming the mimic painter: on the walls 295 Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd

By the sunk roof.—O'er which, in distant view, Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires, 300 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence, Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides The mould'ring wall, behold yon' fabric huge, Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns, And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad, 305 Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame: The stately pines, that spread their branches wide In the dun ruins of its ample halls, 310 Appear but tufts, as may whate'er is high Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift, Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides, Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques, Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall, From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft, And lead thro' various toils up the rough steep 320 Its hero to the skies; and his dark tow'r Whose execrable hand the City fir'd, And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome; And the rough relics of Carinæ's street, 325 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep Sits piping with his oaten reed, as erst There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep, When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd Of good Evander, wealth-despising king! Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride

From dust again to dust. Behold that heap	
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,	
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell;	335
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides	
Down the green desert street, yon' hoary monk	
Laments the same, the vision as he views,	
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,	
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie	340
Blended in dust together; where the slave	
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud	
Resigns his pow'r; the miser drops his hoard;	
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood	
(I sing not to the vacant and the young),	345
There is a kindly mood of melancholy	
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies:	
When tribulation clothes the child of man,	
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,	
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,	350
A gently-wak'ning call to health and ease.	
How musical! when all-devouring Time,	
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,	
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,	
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!	355
Cool ev'ning comes; the setting sun displays	
His visible great round between yon tow'rs,	1.
As thro' two shady cliffs: away, my Muse!	US.
Tho' yet the prospect pleases, ever new	30
In vast variety, and yet delight	360
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path	
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller	
Such antique marbles to his native land	
Oft hence conveys; and ev'ry realm and state	
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,	365
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;	
Vet miss we not th' innumerable thefts:	

	Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.	
	Suffice it now th' Esquilian Mount to reach	
	With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests	370
	Of Maro's humble tenement. A low	0.
	Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,	
	Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown	
30	Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan-	
4 44 44	Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,	375
-	Who drops her purple clusters thro' the green.	3,3
	Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:	
	Here flow'd his fountain, here his laurels grew;	
	Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,	
	Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd	380
	With Horace and the ruler of the world:	500
	Happy Augustus! who so well inspir'd	
	Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,	
	Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,	
	And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,	385
	Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,	
	Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,	
	Or open mountain, or whatever scene	
	The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme	
,	Melodious; ev'n the rugged sons of War,	390
	Ev'n the rude hinds, rever'd the poet's name:	
-	But now—another age, alas! is ours—	1 #
-	Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,	
1	Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing	
1	Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,	395
	And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain	
	The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks	
	Th' o'erflowing wave-Enough-the plaint disdai	n.
	Seest thou you fane? ev'n now incessant time	
	Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust;	400
	And Phobus' temple nodding with its woods	

And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods, Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.

'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus! and thy brother twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive, while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and form'd your tender

limbs:

So taught of love, ev'n the fell savage fed Your sacred infancies; your virtues, toils, 410 The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state, Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul, Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts, And little Rome appears. Her cots arise, Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls, 415 Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave. Elate with joy, Etruscan Tiber views-Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves, Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds, And gath'ring swains, and rolls his yellow car To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around, Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won, 'They sink into her bosom. From the plought Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd; Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers! For then no private pomp, no household state, 'The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast. Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung? Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand? How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood, Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty

Yet unimagin'd-Shine not all the fields

435

425

With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks Along the flow'ry vallies? they, content, Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate, Blithe, in their easy taste, and only sought To know their duties; that their only strife, Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform. They thro' all shapes of peril and of pain, Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd, 445 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field, Their dauntless courage: storming Hannibal In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd: The thunder of the battle they return'd Back on his Punic shores, till Carthage fell, And danger fled afar. The City gleam'd With precious spoils: alas, prosperity! Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold, Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece, Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart, Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief 460 Which sev'n brave years beneath the doubtful wing Of vict'ry dreadful roll'd its grinding wheels Over the bloody war: the Roman arms Triumph'd till Fame was silent of their foes. And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd 465 In proud security: the crested helm,

The plated greave and corselet, hung unbrac'd; Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield, But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie, 470

Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind

Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends;	
For now the frame no more is girt with strength	
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart	
Laughs at the winter-storm and summer-beam,	475
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice	
Withers each nerve, and opens ev'ry pore	
To painful feeling: flow'ry bow'rs they seek,	
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)	
Or cool nymphean grots, or tepid baths;	480
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they along	
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,	
Pile in the roseat air with fond expense:	
Thro' silver channels glide the vagrant waves,	
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,	485
Melodious murmuring; while Luxury	4-3
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,	
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.	
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants	
Brood of Voluptuousness, cry out aloud	490
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.	430
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,	
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around	
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,	
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known	495
Of report acquisition . Turion carbo	493
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,	
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,	
And flavour'd Chian wines, with incense fum'd,	
To slake Patrician thirst: for these their rights	
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;	500
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,	
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,	
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck	1
Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the ma	rket
throngs.	
But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?	505

Who most can charm Corruption with his doles?	
He be the monarch of the state; and, lo!	
Didius, vile usurer! thro' the crowd he mounts,	
Beneath his feet the Roman Eagle cowers,	
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.	510
O Britons! O my countrymen! beware	
Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were fre	e,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er	1 2
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,	
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,	515
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound	7.
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade	
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war;	
Immortal Cæsar! Lo! a god, a god!	
He cleaves the yielding skies. Cæsar meanwhile	520
Gathers the ocean pebbles, or the gnat	
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal	
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings	5
To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!	
The flow'ry shades and shrines obsene return.	525
But see along the North the tempest swell	
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!	
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,	
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all	
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,	530
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,	
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.	
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,	
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,	
And ease, and luxury! O Luxury!	535
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,	
What dreary change, what ruin, is not thine?	
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!	
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave	
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!	540

Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

THE FLEECE

IN FOUR BOOKS

"Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, que prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet velamina."

-COLUMELLA.

["After the larger animals, our concern is with sheep, which would come first, if extent of usefulness were considered; for they furnish us with excellent clothes, and before all others protect us from the cold."]

BOOK I

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural Nymphs!
Ye Swains, and princely Merchants! aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted Guardians of our Isle
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth,
To the great charge assigns! ye Good of all
Degrees, all sects! be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's Shepherd, eminently plac'd

IO

Over the numerous swains of every vale, With well-permitted power and watchful eye On each gay field to shed beneficence, Celestial office! Thou protect the song.	15
On spacious airy downs and gentle hills,	
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,	,
Where smiling Phœbus tempers ev'ry breeze,	20
The fairest flocks rejoice: they nor of halt,	
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain,	
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarse cough	
Disturb the music of the past'ral pipe;	
But, crowding to the note, with silence soft	25
The close-woven carpet graze, where Nature blend	S
Flow'rets and herbage of minutest size,	
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs	
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.	
All arid soils, with sand or chalky flint,	30
Or shells deluvian mingled, and the turf	
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,	
Be thy regard; and where low-tufted broom,	
Or box, or berry'd juniper, arise;	
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;	35
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;	
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.	1
Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woo	oas
And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,	40
Whose flocks innumerous whiten all the land:	40
Such those slow-climbing wilds that lead the step	
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff, Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns	
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,	
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk	45
Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain	43
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,	
Where solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss,	
where somally Stolleheige, gray with moss,	

80

Ruin of ages! nods: such, too, the leas And ruddy tilth which spiry Ross beholds, From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms; And Lemster's brooky tract and airy Croft; And such Harleian Eywood's swelling turf, Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea; And Shobden, for its lofty terrace fam'd, 55 Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods, And girt with all Siluria, seas around Regions on regions blended in the clouds. Pleasant Siluria! land of various views, Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles, More airy wild than vines along the sides Of treacherous Falernum, or that hill Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose, 65 And Herculanean and Pompeian domes. But if thy prudent care would cultivate

But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian Fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs thro' the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
70
The blackening shower, and fattens with the draught,
Or heavy marl's deep clay, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Thro' all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
75
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

Yet some defect in all on earth appears: All seek for help, all press for social aid. Too cold the grassy mantle of the marle, In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,

For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch; 85 Their wasted sides their evil plight declare: Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail At a meet distance from the sheltr'ing mound To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank 90 Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure, Which to the liquid element will yield A porous way, a passage to the foe. Plough not such pastures; deep in spongy grass The oldest carpet is the warmest lair, 95 And soundest: in new herbage coughs are heard. Nor love too frequent shelter, such as decks The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide, By the blue steeps of distant Malvern wall'd, Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade, COL Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns. Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft, Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss Dimetians, who along their mossy dales 105 Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour, While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase, And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread Their dust saline upon the deepening grass; 110 And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delv'd The draining trench across his verdant slopes, To intercept the small meandring rills Of upper hamlets. Haughty trees, that sour The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds, 115 And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd; Only a slender tuft of useful ash, And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,

The little smiling cottage warm embower'd;	
The little smiling cottage! where at eve	120
He meets his rosy children at the door,	
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,	
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent	
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.	
Nor only soil, there also must be found	125
Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,	~
Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.	
In vain the silken Fleece on windy brows,	
And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills,	
Is sought, tho' soft Iberia spreads her lap	130
Beneath their rugged feet and names their heights	
Biscaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,	
And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,	
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,	
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun	135
Libya's hot plains. What taste have they for grove	es
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold? no more	
Food to the flock than to the miser wealth,	
Who kneels upon the glittering heap and starves.	
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining Fleece,	140
That richly decorates her loom, acquires	
Basely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,	
The bate of avarice, which with felon fraud	
For its own wanton mouth from thousands steals.	
How erring oft the judgment in its hate	145
Or fond desire! Those slow-descending showers,	
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales	
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,	
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads shed,	
Britannia's handmaids: as the beverage falls	150
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.	

Hail, noble Albion! where no golden mines, No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,

The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows 155 White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain, Frequent attend, with solemn majesty: Rich queen of Mists and Vapours! these thy sons With their cool arms compress, and twist their nerves For deeds of excellence and high renown. Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills, Blakes, Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose. See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise, After the nurture of the fallen shower, How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault! 165 How verdurous the lawns! how clear the brooks! Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine, So sleek, so vast! such spacious flocks of sheep, Like flakes of gold illumining the green, What other paradise adorn but thine, 170 Britannia! happy if thy sons would know Their happiness. To these thy naval streams. Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade, And ports magnific, add, and stately ships Innumerous. But whither strays my Muse? 175 Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand Arriv'd of bright Augusta, wild he roves, From deck to deck, thro' groves immense of masts; 'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind; Thro' wharfs, squares, and palaces, and domes, In sweet surprise, unable yet to fix His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course. Each object singly, with discoveries new His native country studious to enrich. Ye Shepherds! if your labours hope success, 185

Ye Shepherds! if your labours hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed
To soil and clime adapted. Every soil

And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives	
Its habitant peculiar: each to each	
The Great Invisible, and each to all,	190
Thro' earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits.	-) -
Tempestuous regions, Darwent's naked Peaks,	
Snowden and blue Plynlymmon, and the wide	
Aërial sides of Cader-ydris huge;	
These are bestow'd on goat-horned sheep, of Fleece	195
Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,	
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze	
Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,	
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal:	
But hills of milder air, that gently rise	200
O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,	
Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate:	
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends	
Near Cotswold Downs, or the delicious groves	
Of Symmonds, honour'd thro' the sandy soil	205
Of elmy Ross, or Devon's myrtle vales,	
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea,	
Regard this sort, and hence thy sire of lambs	
Select: his tawny Fleece in ringlets curl;	
Long swings his slender tail; his front is fenc'd	210
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice	
Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls	
That grace the columns of th' Iönic dome.	
Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,	
Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields,	215
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave	
Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street;	
That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,	
Whose Fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain	1;
The ram short-limbed, whose form compact	et
describes	220
One level line along his spacious back;	

Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head, Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,	
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.	005
Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,	225
Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,	
That copies Nature, who, in every change,	
In each variety, with wisdom works,	-
And powers diversifi'd of air and soil,	
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,	230
Chaldæa's marle, Egyptus' water'd loam,	
And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,	
With different stores supply the marts of trade:	
Hence Zembla's icy tracks no bleaters hear:	
Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their Fleece	: 225
Of light esteem Germanic, far remote	, -33
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,	
And summers bath'd in dew: on Syrian sheep	
The costly burden only loads their tails:	
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's, tribe	240
	240
Adorn; but sleek of flix, and brown like deer,	
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along	
The sands. No Fleeces wave in torrid climes,	
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,	
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,	245
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,	
Unapt to feed the Fleece. The food of wool	
Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms	
In temp'rate air, in the delicious downs	
Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.	250
Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all	
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)	
Salubrious. Early mark when tepid gleams	
Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers,	
And swell too hastily the tender plains;	255
Then enoted away the sheen bewere the rot:	-

And with detersive bay-salt rub their mouths,	
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,	
In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay;	
Or to the marish guide their easy steps,	260
If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.	
Sagacious care foreacts. When strong disease	
Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,	
Hard is the strife of art. The coughing pest	< 1 =
From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away.	265
That dire distemper, sometimes may the swain,	n
Tho' late, discern; when on the lifted lid,	
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale,	
The swelling liver then her putrid store	
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy skill exert,	270
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:	
Again detersive salt apply, or shed	
The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food.	
In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain	077
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the Halt:	275
Those let the neighb'ring fold or ready crook	
Detain, and pour into their cloven feet	
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic, Dry allum, verdigrise, or vitriole keen:	
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,	280
'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,	
And salt again. Th' utility of salt	
Teach thy slow swains; redundant humours cold	
Are the diseases of the bleating kind.	
Th' infectious scab, arising from extremes	285
Of want or surfeit, is by water cured	-
Of lime, or sodden staves-acre, or oil	
Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd	
By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence	
Explored its pow'rs, and easy med'cine thence	290
Sought for the poor. Ye Poor! with grateful voice	ce

Invoke eternal blessings on his head.	
Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know,	
Driven oft from Nature's path by artful man,	
Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,	295
Whom sacred Instinct would securely lead.	
But thou, more humble Swain! thy rural gates	
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad	
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field,	
Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.	300
Rain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek	
Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.	
By their All-perfect Master inly taught,	
They best their food and physic can discern;	
For He, Supreme Existence! ever near,	305
Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe	
With what a regular consent they crop,	
At every fourth collection to the mouth,	
Unsav'ry crow-flow'r; whether to awake	
Languor of appetite with lively change,	310
Or timely to repel approaching ills,	
Hard to determine. Thou, whom Nature loves,	
And with her salutary rules intrusts,	
Benevolent Mackenzie! say the cause.	
This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense;	315
Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,	
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,	
Is wisely giv'n: harmonious they perform	
The work of perfect reason (blush, vain Man!),	
And turn the wheels of Nature's vast machine.	320
See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,	
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget	
Thy shears true pointed, nor th' officious dog,	
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return;	
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal	325
Aside into the furrows or the shades,	

Silent to droop; or who at ev'ry gate Or hillock rub their sores and loosen'd wool.	
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,	
Banish before th' autumnal months. Ev'n age	220
Forbear too much to favour: oft renew	330
And thro' thy fold let joyous youth appear.	-
Beware the season of imperial Love,	
Who thro' the world his ardent spirit pours;	
Ev'n sheep are then intrepid! the proud ram	335
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field:	333
All rivals keep aloof, or desp'rate war	
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,	
And fury irresistible, they dash	
Their hardy frontlets: the wide vale resounds:	340
The flock, amaz'd, stands safe afar; and oft	
Each to the other's might a victim falls;	
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,	
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,	
The beauteous tow'rs of Salem to the dust.	345
Wise custom at the fifth or six return,	
Or ere they 'ave past the twelfth, of orient morn,	
Castrates the lambkins; necessary rite,	
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.	
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has grieved,	350
In those rough months that lift the turning year:	
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid	
Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,	
And leads them skipping to the flow'rs of May;	
May! who allows to fold, if poor the tilth, Like that of dreary houseless common fields,	355
Worn by the plough; but fold on fallows dry.	
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land,	
Nor in too narrow bounds the pris'ners crowd;	
Nor ope the wattled fence while balmy Morn	360
Lies on the reeking pasture: wait till all	200

The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,	
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,	
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.	
In teasing fly-time, dank or frosty days,	365
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,	
Rub their soft skins between the parted locks:	
Thus the Brigantes: 't is not idle pains:	
Nor is that skill despis'd which trims their tails,	
Ere summer-heats, of filth and tagged wool.	370
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.	
To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to so	1,
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,	,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly shelters raise,	
Thy vacant hours require; and ever learn	375
Quick ether's motions: oft the scene is turn'd;	
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,	
Hail, rain, or radiance: these the moon will tell,	
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe.	
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,	380
And chew the cud delighted; but ere rain	
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed.	
Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,	
Scatt'ring them wide, close rushing at the heels	
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear	385
Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift	
On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft,	
Or softer cots, detain them. Is thy lot	
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils	
Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns	390
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,	
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm;	
There let them sojourn, till gay Procne skims	
The thick'ning verdure and the rising flow'rs.	
And while departing autumn all embrowns	395
The frequent-bitten fields, while thy free hand	

430

Divides the tedded hay, then be their feet Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage; left, in erring flight,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run 400
Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste,
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Orooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continu'd feeble pulse of life,
The glebe, their Fleece, their flesh, by hunger gnaw'd.

Ah, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend, Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd, 410 Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care; But spread around thy tend'rest diligence In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropp'd lamb, Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side, Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn, Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet: O! guard his meek sweet innocence from all Th' innumerous ills that rush around his life: Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone, Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain; Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake, There the sly fox the careless minute waits; Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky: Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide. Eurus oft slings his hail; the tardy fields Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns, Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey Alights, and hops in many turns around,

And tires her, also turning: to her aid

Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms

Gently convey to the warm cot and oft,	
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,	
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:	
In this soft office may thy children join,	435
And charitable habits learn in sport:	
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs	
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers:	
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills:	
Various as ether is the past'ral care:	440
Thro' slow experience, by a patient breast,	
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,	
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd	
With deep attention; such as Nuceus sings	
To the full vale near Soar's enamour'd brook,	445
While all is silence: sweet Hinclean swain!	
Whom rude Obscurity severely clasps:	
The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell	
With purple violets and primrose flowers,	
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.	450
Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and co	ld
Spread sores cutaneous; but more frequent heat.	
The fly-blown vermin from their woolly nest	
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,	
In littleness and number dreadful foes!	455
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;	
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;	
And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,	
As sure destroys as famine or the wolf.	
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,	460
Which all extremes in every zone endures.	
With grateful heart, ye British Swains! enjoy	
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.	
Lo! in the sprinkling clouds your bleating hills	
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage	465
Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms	

Th' Hyperborean tracks: his arrowy frosts, That pierce thro' flinty rocks, the Lappian flies, And burrows deep beneath the snowy world; A drear abode! from rose diffusing hours, 470 That dance before the wheels of radiant day, Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light Of fetid oil inflam'd, sea-monsters' spume, Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault, Twice three slow gloomy months with various ills 475 Sullen he struggles; such the love of life! His lank and scanty herds around him press, As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees, Their common sustenance; while ye, O Swains! 480 Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth, Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths They scoop white turnips: little care is yours; Only at morning hour to interpose 485 Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw, The wat'ry juices of the bossy root Absorbing; or from noxious air to screen Your heavy teeming ewes with wattled fence Of furze or copse-wood in the lofty field, 490 Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds: Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed, Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw, Silk'ning their Fleeces. Ye nor rolling hut Nor watchful dog require, where never roar 495 Of savage tears the air, where careless Night In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones Wild terror strides, their stubborn rocks are rent, Their mountains sink, their yawning caverns flame, 500 And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,

Proud cities deluging; Pompeian tow'rs,	
And Herculanean, and what riotous stood	
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea	
'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.	505
See the swift Furies, famine, plague, and war,	
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighb'ring realms,	
And spread their plains with desolation wide!	
Yet your mild homesteads ever-blooming smile	
Among embracing woods, and waft on high	510
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops	9
Of chimneys curling o'er the gloomy trees	
In airy azure ringlets to the sky.	
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,	
And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep,	515
Expensive toil, howe'er expedient found	
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams	
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.	
But those expensive toils are now no more,	
Proud Tyranny devours their flocks and herds:	520
Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,	
Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,	
The shepherds' kingdom: dreary solitude	
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale	
Of Athens, which in solemn silence sheds-	525
Her venerable ruins to the dust.	
The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,	
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food,	
And shift their little home's uncertain scene	
With frequent farewell; strangers, pilgrims all,	530
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain	
May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid lapse	
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by	
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,	
Daily they journey to the distant clefts	535
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang	

The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense, Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent Themselves and long posterity to serve. There, at the public hour of sultry noon, 540 They share the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come, And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around, And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill The echoing caverns: then is absent none, Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each 545 To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats; In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength remov'd, And to her circling sheep refreshment gave. 550 Such are the perils, such the toils, of life, In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse! Swift turns the year, and our unnumber'd flocks On Fleeces overgrown uneasy lie. Now, jolly Swains! the harvest of your cares Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves Of high Brigantium, where, by ruddy flames, Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around The steady anvil and the glaring mass 560 Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns, Flatt'ning the steel: from their rough hands receive The sharpen'd instrument that from the flock Severs the Fleece. If verdant elder spreads Her silver flow'rs; if humble daisies yield To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass, 565 Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er, Drive to the double fold, upon the brim Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,

And plunge them one by one into the flood: Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks, With his white flakes that glisten thro' the tide;

The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave, Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears His lifted head above the limpid stream, While the full clammy Fleece the other laves Around, laborious, with repeated toil; And then resigns him to the sunny bank, Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks. Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn, Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin. Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip The downy vesture from their tender sides.

Press not too close; with caution turn the points, And from the head in regular rounds proceed: But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat; And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds Mingle their stores tumultuous: thro' the gloom Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud, And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n; adown Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades!) Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell, 595 And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields: Down with the flood away the naked sheep,

Down with the rapid torrent to the deep. At shearing-time along the lively vales Rural festivities are often heard; Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy And lusty merriment. While on the grass The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport, We think the Golden Age again return'd,

Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts, And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,

575

And all the fabled Dryades in dance: Leering they bound along, with laughing air, To the shrill pipe, and deep-remurm'ring-cords Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound. 610 While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd, Attend the tuneful carol, softly mix'd With every murmur of the sliding wave, And every warble of the feather'd choir, Music of Paradise! which still is heard 615 When the heart listens, still the views appear Of the first happy garden, when Content To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight. Yet we abandon those Elysian walks, Then idly for the lost delight repine; 620 As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood, Fancy they see the lessening shores retire, And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills. Could I recall those notes which once the Muse Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides Of blue-topp'd Wreakin! Yet the carols sweet-Thro' the deep maze of the memorial cell Faintly remurmur. First arose in song Hoar-headed Damon, venerable Swain! 630 The soothest shepherd of the flow'ry vale, "This is no vulgar scene; no palace roof Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise Their polish'd pillars as these aged oaks, Which o'er our Fleecy wealth and harmless sports Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms

Ye gentle shepherds! pillow us at night."
"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,"

Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet Content,

Colin reply'd; "and pleasing weariness

Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines. Is it in cities so? where, poets tell, The cries of Sorrow sadden all the streets. And the diseases of intemp'rate wealth. 645 Alas! that any ills from wealth should rise!" "May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray, May this clear stream, those lawns, these snow-white lambs. Which with a pretty innocence of look Skip on the green, and race in little troops; 650 May that great lamp which sinks behind the hills, And streams around variety of lights, Recall them erring! this is Damon's wish." "Huge Breaden's stony summit once I climb'd After a kidling: Damon, what a scene! 655 What various views unnumber'd spread beneath! Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods. And here and there, between the spiry rocks, The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns, Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun: Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth, Which comes too late, that courts the taste in vain, Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye Rich! 664 Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life; And piping, careless, silly shepherds we, We silly shepherds, all intent to feed

"Deem not, however, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, "while the Supreme accounts
Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
With king and priest: they also shepherds are;
For so th' All-seeing styles them, to remind

Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky Fleece."

Elated man, forgetful of his charge." 675 "But haste, begin the rites: see purple Eve Stretches her shadows: all ye Nymphs and Swains! Pleas'd with honours due. Hither assemble. Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood, Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear 680 Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds; Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow, Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams, Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd 685 Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough, Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc, swift of foot; And mingles various seeds of flow'rs and herbs, In the divided torrents, ere they burst Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll. Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeaning herds, 690 Nor penny-grass nor spearwort's pois'nous leaf." He said: with light fantastic toe the nymphs Thither assembled, thither every swain; And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs, Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks, 695 Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme, And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms. Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn, Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled 700 The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud, With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer, Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides Till cease the rites; and now the mossy bank Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer 705 Dispers'd in copious measure; early fruits, And those of frugal store, in husk or rind; Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream

Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,

And cast about their gibes; and some apace 710
Whistle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted; while the mountain-woods
And winding valleys with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide 715
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen, and to view the joyous scene. 720

BOOK II

Now of the sever'd lock begin the song With various numbers, thro' the simple theme To win attention: this, ye Shepherd Swains! This is a labour. Yet, O Wray! if thou Cease not with skilful hand to point her way, 5 The lark-wing'd Muse above the grassy vale, And hills, and woods, shall, singing soar aloft; And he whom learning, wisdom, candour, grace, Who glows with all the virtues of his sire, Royston! approve, and patronise the strain. IO Thro' all the brute creation none as sheep To lordly man such ample tribute pay. For him their udders yield nectareous streams; For him their downy vestures they resign; For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he 15 Glory in wants which doom to pain and death

THE FLEECE

His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,	
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live,	
And the permission use with trembling thanks,	
Meekly reluctant: 't is the brute beyond;	20
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.	
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed	
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,	
Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;	
All are not savage. Come, ye gentle Swains!	25
Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,	
Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain;	
Ye are the sons of Nature; your mild hands	-
Are innocent: ye when ye shear relieve.	
Come, gentle Swains! the bright unsully'd locks	30
Collect; alternate songs shall soothe your cares,	
And warbling music break from every spray.	
Be faithful, and the genuine locks-alone	
Wrap round; nor alien flake nor pitch enfold;	
Stain not your stores with base desire to add	35
Fallacious weight; nor yet, to mimic those,	
Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield,	
Lessen, with subtle artifice, the Fleece;	
Equal the fraud: nor interpose delay,	
Lest busy ether thro' the open wool	40
Debilitating pass, and every film	
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.	
Guard, too, from moisture, and the fretting moth	
Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,	
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care:	45
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,	
And feeble Fleeces of distemper'd sheep,	
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent	
Allur'd, as the swift eagle to the fields	
Of slaught'ring war or carnage: such apart	50
Keep for their proper use: our ancestors	

Selected such for hospitable beds	
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief	
From battle or the chase of wolves return'd.	
When many-colour'd ev'ning sinks behind	55
The purple woods and hills, and opposite	33
Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest moon,	
To light th' unwearied farmer, late a-field	
His scatter'd sheaves collecting, then expect	
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,	60
Norwich, or Froome; they traverse every plain	
And every dale where farm or cottage smokes:	
Reject them not; and let the season's price	
Win thy soft treasures; let the bulky wain	
Thro' dusty roads roll nodding; or the bark,	65
That silently adown the cerule stream	
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight	
To copsy villages on either side,	
And spiry towns, where ready Diligence,	
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,	70
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.	
In the same Fleece diversity of wool	
Grows intermingled, and excites the care	
Of curious skill to sort the several kinds.	
But in this subtle science none exceed	75
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide	
Each feeble hand of want: their spacious domes,	
With boundless hospitality, receive	
Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye	
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,	80
And unreject'd age: ev'n childhood there	
Its little fingers turning to the toil	
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,	
They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,	
And soft, and rigid, pile in sev'ral heaps.	85
This the duck hatter asks another shines	

Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks;	
The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;	
But often it deceives the artist's care,	
Prophing unusoful in the steely comb	00
For this long spungy wool no more increase	
Receives while winter petrifies the fields:	
The growth of Autumn stops; and what tho' Spring	
Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on	
	95
The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.	
Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks	
From winter's dead'ning frosts and whelming snows	,
Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,	
3371-11- Alice and an include the second section of the section	00
And swell their Fleeces, equal to the worth	
Of cloath'd Apulian, by soft warmth improv'd;	
Or let them inward heat and vigour find	
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.	
Besides, the lock of one continued growth	05
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.	
But lightest wool is theirs who poorly toil	
Thro' a dull round in unimproving farms	
Of common fields. Inclose, inclose, ye Swains!	
Why will you joy in common field, where pitch,	10
Noxious to wood, must stain your motley flock,	V
To mark your property? the mark dilates,	11
Noxious to wood, must stain your motley flock, To mark your property? the mark dilates, Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd, Unfit for beauteous tint. Besides, in fields	
Unfit for beauteous tint. Besides, in fields	
	15
The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives;	
Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats	
And barren furrows: none the rising grove	
There plants for late posterity, nor hedge	
, 1	20
And in the distant village every hearth	

Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain:	
Pernicious habit! drawing gradual on	125
Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.	
Add too, the idle pilf'rer easier there	
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe	
From intermingled flocks he steals; or when,	
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,	130
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,	
The year's slow rip'ning fruit, the anxious hope	
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.	
There are who over-rate our spungy stores,	
Who deem that Nature grants no clime but ours	135
To spread upon its fields the dews of heav'n,	
And feed the silky Fleece; that card nor comb	
The hairy wool of Gaul can ne'er subdue,	
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,	
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap:	140
Itlusion all; tho' of our sun and air	
Not trivial is the virtue, nor their fruit	
Upon our snowy flocks of small esteem:	
The grain of brightest tincture none so well	
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins must to this	145
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.	-13
And though with hue of crocus or of rose	
No pow'r of subtle food, or air, or soil,	
Can dye the living Fleece; yet 't will avail	
To note their influence in the tinging vase:	150
Therefore from herbage of old pastur'd plains,	- 3-
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl	
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.	
Those fields regard not thro' whose recent turf	
The miry soil appears; nor ev'n the streams	155
Of Yare or silver Stroud can purify	
•	

Their frequent fully'd Fleece; nor what rough winds,

Keen biting on tempestuous hills, imbrown.

Yet much may be perform'd to check the force 160 Of Nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees Warm shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms: Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile, And leave in dikes their soon-forgotten tears. Labour and Art will every aim achieve Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level, erst 165 A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock Was wont with hairy Fleeces to deform, And, smiling with her lure of summer flow'rs, The heavy ox vain struggling to ingulf; Till one of that high honour'd patriot name, 170 Russel! arose, who drain'd the rushy fen, Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom, And thro' his new creation led the Ouze And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams: God-like beneficence! from chaos drear 175 To raise the garden and the shady grove.

But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs, Immeasurable track! the traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shudd'ring with fear: ev'n such perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping Fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flow'rs
And foodful pulse the fields that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil,
With patient Art, effect? There was a time

When other regions were the swain's delight, And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales, Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew, But of rude baskets, homely rustic gear, 195 Woven of the flexile willow; till at length, The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand Of patient Culture, and o'er sinking woods High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield, And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake 200 Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives, And in the regions oft of active Gaul O'er less'ning vineyards spreads the growing turf. In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool 205 Phœnicia's hilly tracks were most renown'd, And fertile Syria's and Judea's land, Hermon and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides. Twice with these murex, crimson hue, they ting'd The shining Fleeces; hence their gorgeous wealth; 210 And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre. Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains— And lively verdure (who the lucid stream Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race Of fair inhabitants), improv'd the Fleece, 215 When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought, The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains. This rising Greece with indignation view'd, And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks, 220 Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts. He rouz'd the brave to re-demand the Fleece. Attend, ye British Swains! the ancient song. From ev'ry region of Ægea's shore The brave assembled; those illustrious twins, 225

Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;

Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed; Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd. On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd, Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits; 230 And soon the laurel cord and the huge stone Uplifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark, Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand Of Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt; And in th' extended keel a lofty mast 235 Uprais'd, and sails full swelling, to the chiefs Unwonted objects: now first, now they learn'd Their bolder steerage over ocean wave, Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad - 240 Expands the purple deep; the cloudy isles, Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise, And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves Her azure head above the level brine. Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs; While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand. Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course, But with too eager haste: in the white foam 250 His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long The chance detains; he springs upon the shore, And rifting from the roots a tapering pine, Renews his stroke. Between the threat'ning tow'rs Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge, 255 To Hero's and Leander's ardent love Fatal; then smooth Propontis' wid'ning wave That like a glassy lake expands, with hills, Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt: And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare, 260 Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks!

Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,	
Thro' the sharp-pointed cliffs and thund'ring flood	S
Cleave their bold passage; nathless by the crags.	
And torrents sorely shatter'd: as the strong	265
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net	3
Involv'd, breaks thro', yet leaves his plumes behin	d,
Thus thro' the wide waves their slow way they force	
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave	
Pass many perils, and to fame by such	270
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed	•
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,	
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths	
Of Apsarus and Glaucus, rolling swift	
To the broad deep their tributary waves,	275
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive	
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand	
Jason advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,	
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,	
Wond'ring he view'd, and stately palace-domes,	280
Pavilions proud of Luxury: around,	
In every glitt'ring hall, within, without,	
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets	
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds	
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal	285
Attentive none he found; for he, their chief	
Of shepherds, proud Aeëtes, by the name	
Sometimes of King distinguish'd, 'gan to slight	
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance	:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's songs	290
Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,	
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,	
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the Golden Fleece.	
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon	
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed	295
O'er the known seas, by ev'ry guiding cape,	

With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,	
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,	
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,	
	300
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the Ram regain'd.	
Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs	
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;	
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant shun	n'd
His desert borders; each ingenious art,	305
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,	
And left to Want and Servitude their seats;	
Vile successors! and gloomy Ignorance,	
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand	
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.	310
Sithence the Fleeces of Arcadian plains,	
And Attic and Thessalian, bore esteem;	
And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,	
Caria and Doris, and Iönia's coast,	
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,	315
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,	
Thro' solitary vallies seeks the sea:	
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps	
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft	
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.	320
Those too of Boetica's delicious fields,	
With golden fruitage bless'd of highest taste,	
What need I name? the Turdetanian track,	
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd	
The finest webs? where scarce a talent weigh'd	325
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin	
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.	-50
Lo! the revolving course of mighty Time,	-
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down	220
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.	330
Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,	

The throng of heroes in her splendid streets, The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe, Slow trail'd triumphal? where the Attic Fleece, And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cots, Or sunny meadows, cloth'd with costly care? All in the solitude of ruin lost,	335
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's dust. Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame In gloomy desolation, till appear'd Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:	340
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she lav'd, And rose another Venus: each soft joy, Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd; Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts, And all the Graces. Restituted Trade	345
To every virtue lent his helping stores, And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe And bleating flocks awak'd the cheerful lawn. The glossy Fleeces now, of prime esteem, Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,	350
Within a lofty mound of circling hills, Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, la Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term's The Paradise of Indus. Next the plains	
Of Lahor, by that arbour stretch'd immense, Thro' many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law: Remote dominions, nor to ancient fame Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe, Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave, Led to their distant climes advent'rous trade.	360
Add, too, the silky wool of Libyan lands, Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus, Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,	365

400

While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend. Next proud Iberia glories in the growth

Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades. And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chas'd 370 The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears Of silky lustre; chief, Silurian, thine; Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a Fleece: Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams 375 On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet, With all its thunders; or Salopian stores, Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun: High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains 380 Is oft remember'd, tho' the greedy plough Preys on its carpet. He whose rustic Muse O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd, And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires, Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise. 385 Need we the levels green of Lincoln note, Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length Of whitest locks and magnitude of Fleece Peculiar? envy of the neighbouring realms! But why recount our grassy lawns alone, While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains, 390 With bossy turnip and luxuriant cole,

Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed?
Ingenious Trade, to clothe the naked world
Her soft materials not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious. In Euboa's isle
A wondrous rock is found, of which are woven
Vests incombustible; Batavia flax;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
Soft Persia's silk; Balasor's shady hills

Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito grass;

And every sultry clime the snowy down Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell To gleam amid the verdure of the grove. With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat 405 Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head, And airy float behind. The beaver's flix Gives kindliest warmth to weak enervate limbs. When the pale blood slow rises through the veins. Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores For num'rous uses known: none yield such warmth, Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure; So pliant to the loom, so various, none. Wild rove the flocks, no burd'ning Fleece they bear In fervid climes; Nature gives not in vain. Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth: As the sleek ram from green to green removes, On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws, And glad resigns it for the hatters' use. 420 Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades, And Canses', echo to the pipes and flocks Of foreign swains. While Time shakes down his sands, And works continual change, be none secure : Quicken your labours, brace your slackening nerves, Ye Britons! nor sleep careless on the lap Of bounteous Nature; she is elsewhere kind. See Mississippi lengthen on her lawns, Propitious to the shepherds; see the sheep 430 Of fertile Arica, like camels form'd, Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore, And shine with Fleeces soft as feathery down.

Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use; They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner Labouring at the wet shrouds or stubborn helm,

435

While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear,
Nor what from Fleece Ratæan mimic flowers
Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
If any wool peculiar to our Isle

Is given by Nature, it is the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake. 445
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye
This Golden Fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvass, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

455

Happy the patriot who can teach the means

To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave Trade's open channels. Would a gen'rous aid To honest toil in Cambria's hilly tracks, Or where the Lune or Coker wind their streams, Be found sufficient? Far their airy fields, Far from infectious luxury, arise. O might their mazy dales and mountain sides With copious Fleeces of Ierne shine, And gulfy Caledonia, wisely bent 465 On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs, Then would the sister realms amid their seas, Like the three Graces in harmonious fold, By mutual aid enhance their various charms, And bless remotest climes! —To this lov'd end Awake, Benevolence! to this lov'd end-

Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore. Far, far away whose passions would immure, In your own little hearts, the joys of life; (Ye worms of pride!) for your repast alone Who claim all Nature's stores, woods, waters, mea All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite, And in the sepulchre of Self entomb	475 ds,
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot, use.	480
Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Pow'r	
(The Pow'r whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life, And forms us manifold; allots to each	
His hair peculiar, wisdom, wit, and strength;	485
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,	403
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,	
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,	
With man united, is a nation strong;	
Builds tow'ry cities, satiates every want,	490
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,	,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man, 's born For the high bus'ness of the public good.	
For me, 'tis mine to pray that men regard	
Their occupations with an honest heart	495
And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,	
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,	
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find	
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,	
In life's rough race. O be it as my wish!	500
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.	
For this I wake the weary hours of rest;	
With this desire the merchant I attend;	
By this impell'd the shepherd's hut I seek,	505
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear	

Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity, And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep:	
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,	
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,	510
Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's c	ape.
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,	1 ,
And China's long canals: those noble works,	
Those high effects of civilizing trade,	
Employ me, sedulous of public weal:	515
Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;	2.2
Thus also mindful, thus devising good	
At vacant seasons oft, when evining mild	
Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts	
His flock, returning to the quiet fold	700
With dumb complacence; for religion this,	520
To give our every comfort to distress,	
And follow virtue with an humble mind;	
This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,	
The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,	525
And slumbers broken oft; till, fill'd at length	5-5
With inspiration, after various thought,	
And trials manifold, his well-known voice	
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,	
With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,	***
Shew'd how the Fleece might stretch to greater l	530 length
And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went ro	und ·
Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toi	le ,
And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.	13,
What poor, what widow, Blasius! did not bless	535
Thy teaching hand? thy bosom, like the morn,	333
Op'ning its wealth, what nation did not seek	
Of thy new-modell'd wool the curious webs?	
Hence the glad cities of the loom his name	
Honour with yearly festals: thro' their streets	540
The pomp, with tuneful sounds and order just,	340
the point, with turiour sources and order just,	

ye and a
Denoting Labour's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn: first the rout,
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank, 545
His sway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of smiling Plenty's stores
Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand
Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless Ease 550
Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound;
And oft they interpose improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks from experience that sometimes arise,
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn 555
Rouzes to labour man, to labour born.
Then the sleek brightening lock from hand to hand
Renews its circling course; this feels the card;
That in the comb admires its growing length;
This blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave; 560
And that the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
For it suffices not in flow'ry vales
Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool;
Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast,
Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts; 565
Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
The Fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe

Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
'The Fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe
In what variety the tribe of salts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abstersive or restringent; how
Steel casts the sable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid spirituous, the scarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mix'd, or chang'd,
By mediums colourless; why is the fume

THE FLEECE

Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,	
Pernicious else? why no materials yield	
Singly their colours, those except that shine	
With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays:	580
And why, tho' Nature's face is cloath'd in green,	
No green is found to beautify the Fleece	
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.	
To find effects while causes lie conceal'd	
Reason uncertain tries: howe'er, kind Chance	585
Oft, with equivalent discovery, pays	
Its wandering efforts. Thus the German sage,	
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchymic fire	
Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd	
Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.	590
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the first who brought	390
Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,	
And for unwearied toils and arts the name	
Of Hercules acquir'd), when o'er the mouth	
Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld	595
The wounded murex strike a purple stain,	373
The purple stain on Fleecy woofs he spread,	
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,	
And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.	
Our vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,	600
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,	
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,	
By which our naked ancestors obscur'd	
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,	
Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun	605
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,	3
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,	
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone;	
Trade to the good physician gives his balms	
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;	610
Gives to the wealthy delicacies high;	

Gives to the curious works of Nature rare; And when the priest displays, in just discourse, Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares His presence, pow'r, and goodness, unconfin'd, 615 'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills His lips with argument. To censure Trade, Or hold her busy people in contempt, Let none presume. The dignity, and grace, And weal, of human life, their fountains owe 620 To seeming imperfections, to vain wants Or real exigencies; passions swift Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents, The steps of men dispersing wide abroad O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene, 625 Infinite wonders glare before their eyes, Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they The clearest sense of Deity receive Who view the widest prospect of his works, Ranging the globe with trade thro' various climes; 630 Who see the signatures of boundless love, Nor less the judgments of Almighty Pow'r, That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes From human justice; who, astonish'd, view Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires; 635 The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile; Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old-With stately towers; whose merchants, from their isles And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts; Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought 640 Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs; Where rich Damascus pil'd his Fleeces white, Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint And flow'ring shuttle. While th' admiring world Crowded her streets, ah! then the hand of Pride 645 Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,

Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the dust they sunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient site; a monument to those
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

Time not neighborse influence

BOOK III

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse! resume the pipe Of Hermes, long disus'd, tho' sweet the tone, And to the songs of Nature's choristers Harmonious. Audience pure by thy delight. Tho' few; for every note which Virtue wounds, 5 However pleasing to the vulgar herd, To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft Has false dissembling Vice to am'rous airs The reed apply'd and heedless youth allur'd; Too oft, with bolder sound, inflam'd the rage IO Of horrid war. Let now the Fleecy looms Direct our rural numbers, as of old, When plains and sheepfolds were the Muses' haunts. So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed 15

And aim, the friend of every virtuous deed And aim, tho' feeble, shalt these rural lays Approve, O Heathcote! whose benevolence Visits our vallies, where the pasture spreads,

And where the bramble, and would justly act True charity, by teaching idle Want And Vice the inclination to do good; 20 Good to themselves, and in themselves to all, Thro' grateful toil. Ev'n Nature lives by toil: Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds, All live by action: nothing lies at rest But death and ruin: man is born to care; 25 Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. This of old Wise states observing, gave that happy law Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank, To manual occupation; and oft call'd Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough, 30 Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility Thro' all conditions; hence the joys of health; Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought; Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life Delectable. What simple Nature yields 35 (And Nature does her part) are only rude Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground: 'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the (Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps) Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue, A vesture usefully succinct and warm, Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds, A royal mantle. Come, ye village Nymphs! The scattered mists reveal the dusky hills; Gray dawn appears; the golden Morn ascends, 45 And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods, And flaming spires: arise, begin your toils; Behold the Fleece beneath the spiky comb Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor. 50 Come, village Nymphs, ye Matrons, and ye Maids! Receive the soft material; with light step

Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel, Or, patient-sitting, that revolve which forms A narrower circle. On the brittle work 55 Point your quick eye, and let the hand assist To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread; Even, unknotted, twine will praise your skill. A diff'rent spinning every diff'rent web Asks from your glowing fingers; some require 60 The more compact and some the looser wreath; The last for softness, to delight the touch Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque Need turn around, or twine the length'ning flake. There are, to speed their labour, who prefer 65 Wheels double spol'd, which yield to either hand A sev'ral line; and many yet adhere To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd, Casting the whirling spindle as they walk: At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart, 70 Alike the work proceeds. This method still Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian towns: It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread. This was of old, in no inglorious days, The mode of spinning when th' Egyptian prince 75 A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph, Too-beauteous Helen! no uncourtly gift Then, when each gay diversion of the fair Led to ingenious use. But patient art, That on experience works, from hour to hour, Sagacious, has a spiral engine form'd, Which on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads, With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines, Few hands requiring, easy-tended work, That copiously supplies the greedy loom. Nor hence, ye Nymphs! let anger cloud your brows;

The more is wrought the more is still requir'd:

Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed: Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever find Ample employment. In the strife of trade 90 These curious instruments of speed obtain Various advantage, and the diligent Supply with exercise, as fountains sure, Which ever-gliding feed the flow'ry lawn: Nor, should the careful State, severely kind, 95 In every province to the house of toil Compel the vagrant, and each implement Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel, Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain: Yours with the public good shall ever rise, 100 Ever, while o'er the lawns and airy downs The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard; While in the brook ye blanch the glist'ning Fleece, And th' am'rous youth, delighted with your toils, Ouavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd 105 By growing traffic, friend to wedded love. The am'rous youth, with various hopes inflam'd Now on the busy stage see him step forth, With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds Rich industry. First he bespeaks a loom; IIO From some thick wood the carpenter selects A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk, Or sapling ash: he shapes the sturdy beam, The posts, and treadles, and the frame combines: The smith, with iron-screws and plated hoops, Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe And graver's knife the hollow shuttle add. Various professions in the work unite, For each on each depends. Thus he acquires 120 The curious engine, work of subtle skill; Howe'er in vulgar use around the globe

Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity No doubtful mark: th' advent'rous voyager, Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores, 125 Hears on remotest shores the murm'ring loom, Sees the deep-furrowing plough and harrow'd field, The wheel-mov'd wagon, and the discipline Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new? Next the industrious youth employs his care To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp Along the garden-walk, or highway side, Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom, And sits before the work: from hand to hand The thready shuttle glides along the lines, 135 Which open to the woof and shut altern; And ever and anon, to firm the work, Against the web is driv'n the noisy frame, That o'er the level rushes, like a surge Which, often dashing on the sandy beach, 140 Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand Again, across the lines oft op'ning, glides The thready shuttle, while the web apace Increases, as the light of eastern skies, Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn, 145 And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.__ Or if the broader mantle be the task, He chuses some companion to his toil. From side to side, with amicable aim,

While friendly converse, prompted by the work, Kindles improvement in the op'ning mind.

What need we name the sev'ral kinds of looms?

Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads

Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers

Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,

guide 155

The artist's hand: he, unseen, flow'rs, and trees,

And vales, and azure hills, unerring works:
Or that whose num'rous needles, glitt'ring bright,
Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs;
Modern invention; modern is the want.

Next from the slacken'd beam the woof, unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd,
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn

To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd, Fast dripping, to the river's grassy bank, And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength Wring out the latent water: then up-hung 170 On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun Its level surface, reeking, it expands, Still brightening in each rigid discipline, And gathering worth, as human life in pains, Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears 175 And burler's thistle skim the surface sheen. The round of work goes on from day to day, Season to season. So the husbandman Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe; The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues; The fickle labours, and the slow team strains, Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

The ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd Fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,

190

Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,

Like those that canopy the bow'rs of Stowe After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,

Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise; This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds; These shall the prince with purple robes adorn, And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art; Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;

Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good which bears unchang'd Dissolving waters, and calcining suns, And thieving air's attacks. How great the need 205 With utmost caution to prepare the woof, To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts, And purest gums! since your whole skill consists In opening well the fibres of the woof For the reception of the beauteous dye, 210 And wedging every grain in every pore, Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.

But what the pow'rs which lock them in the web; Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air, Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave, Or all combin'd, it well befits to know. Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute? And who inquires the cause why Gallia's sons In depth and brilliancy of hues excel? Yet yield not, Britons! grasp in every art The foremost name. Let others tamely view, On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's strand,

The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales. Now see, o'er vales and peopled mountain-tops The welcome traders gathering every web, 225 Industrious, every web too few. Alas!

255

Successless oft their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
Their motion stopp'd by wild Intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps, while Misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mould'ring huts.
O when, thro' every province, shall be rais'd

O when, thro' every province, shall be rais'd Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,

For those who now delight in fruitless sports

More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye Poor! who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye Lame! ye Blind!
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains
wild.

245

Thro' storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of Affliction! be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd daylight dawns,
When charitable Rigour shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of
Trade.

Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion; here soft Fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage: here your viands are prepar'd:
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.

Behold in Calder's vale, where wide around Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills, 260 A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise: High o'er the open gates, with gracious air, Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk, And view with wonder, and with silent joy, 265 The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand, Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick, And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd, All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight, 270 As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy Corporeal can bestow. Nor less they gain Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works

Some deal abroad the well-assorted Fleece; These card the short, those comb the longer

From day to day intent, in their full minds Evil no place can find. With equal scale

flake;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together as a choir of larks;
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust
Rasping or grinding tough Brasilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thrifty web,

And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes

Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown A circular machine, of new design, In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread . Without the tedious toil of needless hands. A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor, 295 To every member of th' harmonious frame Gives necessary motion. One, intent, O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says, Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders, Which, gently turning, yield it to yon' cirque 300 Of upright spindles, which with rapid whirl Spin out, in long extent, an even twine. From this delightful mansion (if we seek Still more to view the gifts which honest toil Distributes) take we now our eastward course 305 To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile; And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy; 310 And trade and bus'ness guide the living scene, Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds. As when a sunny day invites abroad 315 The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work, O'er high o'er low they lift, they draw, they haste With warm affection to each other's aid, Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed. 320 Thus all is here in motion, all is life: The creaking wain brings copious store of corn; The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads; The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board

THE FLEECE

97

Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths	325
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat	
The stroke of axe and hammer; scaffolds rise,	
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,	-
Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume	
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,	330
New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,	
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,	1
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,	1
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,	
Over the work presides. Such was the scene	335
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief	303
First view'd her growing turrets: so appear	
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,	
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields	5
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo! in throngs,	340
For every realm, the careful factors meet,	01
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,	
Like War's bright files, beyond the sight extend.	
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,	
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude	345
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd transfer,	0.0
With mutual benefit, superior wealth	
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.	
Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds	
From labour and endurance. Deep the oak	350
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,	
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies.	
Gold cannot gold appear until man's toil	
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,	
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds	355
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams	
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire	
The metal purifies: with the fatigue	
And tedious process of its painful works	
G	

The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.	360
But cheerful are the labours of the loom,	
By health and ease accompany'd: they bring	
Superior treasures speedier to the state	
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves	
(Wretched requital!) drink, with trembling hand,	365
Pale Palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains	_
Behold arising in their fattening flocks	
A double wealth, more rich than Belgium's boast,	
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;	
Or the Cathayans, whose ignobler care	370
Nurses the silk-worm; or of India's sons,	
Who plant the cotton grove by Ganges' stream.	
Nor do their toils and products furnish more	
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,	
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils	375
Give clothing to necessity; keep warm	
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild	
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.	
No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,	
Ye feebly delicate! life little needs	380
Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm	
To cast the strong-slung shuttle or the spear.	
Can ye defend your country from the storm	
Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,	
In the besieged fort, with courage firm?	385
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,	
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm	
Mid wild discordant waves with steady course?	
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,	
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd	390
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,	
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try	
New regions, climes, tho' barren, yet beyond	
The baneful pow'r of tyrants? These are deeds	

To which their hardy labours well prepare	395
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,	
Ye sons of Albion! with unyielding heart,	
Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom	
Mix with the melody of every vale;	
The loom, that long renown'd wide envy'd gift	400
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd	
From fair Venetia; she from Grecian nymphs;	
They from Phenicé, who obtain'd the dole	
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe	
The golden-footed Sciences their path	405
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy,	
And follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride,	
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose	
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts	
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.	410
With speedy wing and scatter'd course they fled,	
Like a community of bees, disturb'd	
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;	
While good Eliza to the fugitives	
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Egypt erst	415
To troubled Nilus, whose nutricious flood	
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.	
Then from fair Antwerp an industrious train	
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas,	
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks	420
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave	
Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare	
And fertile Waveney pitch'd, and made their seats	
Pleasant Norvicum and Colcestria's tow'rs:	
Some to the Darent sped their happy way:	425
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose	
Antona's chalky plains, and stretched their tents	
Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine	
Reneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle	

Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,	430
With cheer reviv'd, and in Sabrina's flood,	
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd	
Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,	
Nor those by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd	
Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleas'd	435
With Salop's various scenes, and that soft track	
Of Cambria deep embay'd, Dimetian land,	
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd,	
Nurse of the rustic bard who now resounds	
The fortunes of the Fleece; whose ancestors	440
Were fugitives from Superstition's rage,	
And erst from Devon thither brought the loom,	
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's tow'rs,	
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project	
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mould'ring stone.	445
Thus, then, on Albion's coast the exil'd band,	
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks	
Of Scheld, alighted, and, alighting, sang	
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet at times they shift	
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,	450
Restraint, or southern Luxury, disturbs	
Their industry, and urges them to vales	
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care	
Inspirited, their art improves the Fleece,	
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,	455
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time	
We were their shepherds only; from which state	
With friendly arm they rais'd us: nathless some	
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd	
And envy'd who enrich'd them; envy'd those	460
Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns	
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.	
And still when bigotry's black clouds arise,	
(For oft they sudden rise in Papal realms)	

THE FLEECE

They from their isle, as from some ark secure,	465
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts	
Of Superstition and tyrannic rage,	
And all the fury of the rolling storm,	
Which fierce pursues the suff'rers in their flight.	
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,	470
Spread ever open to receive their flight?	
A virtuous people, by distresses oft	
(Distresses for the sake of truth endur'd)	
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good	
Wherever they inhabit: this our isle	475
Has oft experienc'd; witness all ye realms	
Of either hemisphere where commerce flows:	
Th' important truth is stamp'd on every bale;	
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,	
Receives th' impression; every airy woof,	480
Cheyney, and baize, and serge, and alepine,	
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list	
Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;	
And that crystalline metal, blown or fus'd,	
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts	485
Of mossy marble: not to name the aids	
Their wit has giv'n the Fleece, now taught to link	
With flax, or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,	
And gain the graces of variety;	
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,	490
Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's nymphs;	
Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds	./
Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.	ť
They, too, the many-colour'd Arras taught	
To mimic nature, and the airy shapes	495
Of sportive fancy; such as oft appear	
In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough	
Upturns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field,	
Or that o'ershaded erst by Woodstock's bower,	

3	500
Rise glowing tapestries that lure the eye	
With Marlb'rough's wars: here Schellenbergh exul	ts
Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,	
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass	
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads	505
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.	
Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,	
And the red Danube. Here the rescued states	
Crowding beneath his shield; there Ramillies'	
Important battle: next the tenfold chain	510
Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates	
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.	
A shade obscures the rest—Ah! then, what pow'r	
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd	
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows	515
The fair delusion, that our passions rise	
In the beholding, and the glories share	
Of visionary battle. This bright art	
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,	
While she assay'd with rage of holy war,	520
To desolate their fields: but old the skill;	
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown's	d;
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,	
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.	
Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods	525
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven.	
And glutinous materials: the Chinese	
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish, boasts.	
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,	
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.	530
But chief by numbers of industrious hands	
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise	
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells	
There will be Traffic's seat; there will she build	

Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy Swains With hospitality inflame your breast, And emulation: the whole world receive, And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each	э.
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed The mighty brotherhood, while ye proceed, Active and enterprising, or to teach The stream a naval course, or till the wild,	540
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal, Or plough the fertile billows of the deep: Why to the narrow circle of our coast	545
Should we submit our limits, while each wind Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main Woos us in every port? See Belgium build	
Upon the foodful brine her envy'd power, And half her people floating on the wave,	550
Expand her fishy regions: thus our Isle, Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.— But whither, by the visions of the theme	
Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays The raptur'd Muse, forgetful of her talk?	555
No common pleasure warms the gen'erous m When it beholds the labours of the loom; How widely round the globe they are dispers'd	
From little tenements by wood or croft, Thro' many a slender path, how sedulous, As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street, Or Armine, ancient works; and thence explor	560
Thro' ev'ry navigable wave, the sea That laps the green earth round: thro' Tyne an Thro' Weare and Lune, and merchandising H	od Tees,
And Swale and Aire, whose crystal waves refle The various colours of the tinctur'd web;	

Thro' Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale, Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick Curbing his train, and with the sober pace Of cautious eld meand'ring to the deep;	570
Thro' Dart and sullen Exe, whose murm'ring wave	
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won	
The serge and kersie to their blanching streams;	575
Thro' Towy, winding under Merlin's tow'rs,	
And Usk that, frequent among hoary rocks,	
On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,	
Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mount	tain
snows.	580
The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,	500
Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,	
Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,	
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale	
They travel unfatigu'd, and lay their bales	585
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls	203
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,	
And spreads the swelling sheet. For nowhere far	
From some transparent river's naval course	
Arise and fall our various hills and vales,	590
No where far distant from the masted wharf.	37-
We need not vex the strong laborious hand	
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,	
Who joined the sable waters of the Nile	
From Memphis' towers to th' Erythræan gulf;	595
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,	0,0
Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams	
Thro' many a forest, many a spacious wild,	
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,	
That some unprofitable skiff might float	600
Across irriguous dales and hollow'd rocks.	
Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,	
And thro' the centre of the isle conduct	

To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave, By plains alone disparted, woo to join 605 Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed And celebrate the union; and the light Wood-nymphs, and those who o'er the grots preside, 610 Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires, In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains, Long sitting at the loom; and those besides Who crown with yellow sheaves the farmer's hopes, And all the genii of commercial toil: 615 These on the dewy lawns await to speed And celebrate the union, that the Fleece And glossy web to every port around May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold, Adown a thousand floods the burden'd barks, With white sails glist'ning, thro' the gloomy woods Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze Of stately Thamis, ever checker'd o'er With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth And constant as his stream: in growing pomp, 625 By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade, Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd, Gives audience to the world; the strand around Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm. 630 What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets! Lo, from the simple Fleece how much proceeds!

BOOK IV

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd, Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main, A floating forest: every sail unfurl'd Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky. Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers 5 Steady; with eye intent upon the steel, Steady before the breeze the pilot steers, While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin To streak with various paths the hoary deep. IO Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought, Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand, Which copious gives return; while some explore Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart, 15 The bold creation of that Kesar's power. Illustrious Peter! whose magnific toils Repair the distant Caspian, and restore To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand And Dover's chalky cliff behind them turn. 20 Soon sinks away the green and level beach Of Rumney Marish and Rye's silent port, By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle, Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright. An hundred op'ning marts are seen, are lost; 25 Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecumb Mount, Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene! Yet steady o'er the waves they steer; and now-The fluctuating world of waters wide,

In boundless magnitude, around them swells, 30 O'er whose imaginary brim nor towns, Nor woods, nor mountain-tops, nor aught appears, But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light, Millions of leagues aloft: heav'n's azure vault Bends overhead, majestic, to its base, 35 Uninterrupted clear circumference; Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears. Again, and oft, the advent'rous sails disperse: These to Iberia, others to the coast 40 Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tarshish deem'd Of Solomon; fair regions! with the webs Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester; Light airy clothing for their vacant swains And visionary monks. We, in return, 45 Receive Cantabrian steel, and Fleeces soft, Segovian or Castilian, far renowned; And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth, Spur of activity, to good or ill 50 Pow'rful incentive; or Hesperian fruits, Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright, The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine. Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage thro' The gates of Hercules, find many seas, And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels; 55 But shores inhospitable oft to fraud And rapine turn'd or dreary tracks become Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts, Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves Resign their ruins. Tiber's boasted flood, 60 Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep, Now creeps along thro' brakes and yellow dust, While Neptune scarce perceives its murm'ring rill. Such are th' effects when virtue slacks her hand;

Wild Nature back returns. Along these shores Neglected Trade with difficulty toils, Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape, Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste Of Luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,	65
Bereft of human discipline has lost	70
Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,	
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre	
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,	
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,	-
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts That in those glitt'ring seas with splendour rose,	75
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,	
Remains in prosperous state, and Tripolis,	
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.	
To these resort the delegates of Trade.	80
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood,	
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,	
Or Stroud, dispense; yet see with vain regret	
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now	
Or sought, or valued: copious webs arrive,	85
Smooth wov'n, of other than Britannia's Fleece.	
On the throng'd strand alluring: the great skill	
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails,	
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—it is not—	
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within	90
Impairs our ancient marts, it is the bribe;	
'Tis he who pours into the shops of trade	
That impious poison: it is he who gains	
The sacred seat of parliament by means	05
That vitiate and emasculate the mind; By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene	95
Of riot worse than that which ruin'd Rome.	
This, this the Tartar and remote Chinese,	
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.	
and the brothernoon of the, commit	

Meantime (while those who dare be just oppose 100 The various powers of many-headed Vice), Ye Delegates of Trade! by patience rise O'er difficulties, in this sultry clime Note what is found of use; the flix of goat, Red wool, and balm, and Caufee's berry brown 105 Or drooping gum, or opium's lenient drug: Unnumbered arts await them, trifles oft, By skilful labour, rise to high esteem. Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander slow, IIO Renowned in story, with his plough upturns, Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase, Statue, and bust, of old magnificence Beautiful relics: oh! could modern time Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien 115 Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes, And Cecils in long-lasting stone preserve! But mimic art and nature are impair'd-Impair'd they seem-or in a varied dress Delude our eyes: the world in change delights: 120 Change then your searches, with the varied modes And wants of realms. Sabean frankingense Rare is collected now: few altars smoke Now in the idol fane: Panchaia views Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast: 125 Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world. Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets With gloomy cowl, majestical no more. See the dark spirit of tyrannic pow'r! 130 The Thracian channel, long the road of trade

The Thracian channel, long the road of trad. To the deep Euxine and its naval streams, And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains, And forts of hostile battlement. In aught

That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads	135
Thraldom and desolation o'er his realms.	
Another path to Scythia's wide domains	
Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulf	
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port	140
Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets	
Swell with the webs of Leeds; the Cossac there,	
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales	
In crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,	
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,	145
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves	3
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage	
O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell	
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams,	
And borderers of the Caspian, who renew	150
That ancient path to India's climes which fill'd	
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.	
Many have been the ways to those renown'd	
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known	
To Memphis, to the port of wealthy Tyre,	155
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,	
Who down along Euphrates sent her sails,	
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets	
From Ezion-geber pass'd th' Arabian gulf.	
But later times, more fortunate, have found	160
O'er ocean's open wave a surer course,	
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,	1,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracks,	ber
And islands of the Orcades, the bounds,	-6-/
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade,	165
But not of modern, by the virtue led	
Of Gama and Coldmous. The whole globe	
Is now of commerce made the scene immense,	
Which daring ships frequent, associated	

Like doves or swallows in th' ethereal flood,

Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some with more open course to Indus steer; Some coast from port to port, with various men And manners conversant, of th' angry surge, That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam, 175 Regardless, or the monsters of the deep, Porpoise or grampus, or the rav'nous shark That chase their keels; or threat'ning rock, o'erhead Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks, Reckless, they furl their sails, and bart'ring, take Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool, Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound. The shores of Sus inhospitable rise, And higher Bojador; Zara, too, displays Unfruitful deserts; Gambia's wave inisles 185 An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands. Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount. On Guinea's sultry strand the drapery light Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd 190

On Guinea's sultry strand the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade
Along this barbarous coast in telling wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves:
Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death 195
For lifelong servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane and the Tobago leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs.

But let the man whose rough tempestuous hours In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd, With just humanity of heart pursue The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:

Their sable chieftains may in future times	205
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute	
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart	
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes	/
Hot Guinea, too, gives yellow dust of gold,	
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides	210
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,	
And sandy deserts, rous'd by sudden storms,	
All search forbid. Howe'er, on either hand,	
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a track	
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found	215
Fertile and populous; their sable tribes,	
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,	
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,	
And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes	
Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread,	220
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal	
Send long meanders. Whate'er lies beyond,	
Of rich or barren, Ignorance o'ercasts	
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast	
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore	225
Of Cafres, land of savage Hottentots,	
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave	
Their aged parents. What barbarity	
And brutal ignorance where social trade	
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding Sails!	230
From these inhospitable gloomy shores	
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,	
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope	
Of prosperous voyage, steer. Rejoice to view	
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,	235
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,	
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,	
Delectable in husk or glossy rind:	
There the capacious vase from crystal springs	

Replenish, and convenient store provide,	240
Like ants, intelligent of future need.~	
See! thro' the fragrance of delicious airs,	
That breathe the smell of balms, how Traffic shap	pes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast	
Of Sofala, thought Ophir, in whose hills	245
Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth	
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand	
Of its clear streams, tho' unregarded now;	
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course	
The vessels glide, unless their speed be stopp'd	250
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas	
While ev'ry zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop);
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,	
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,	
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor	255
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,	
In old or later time, its marble floor	
Did ever temple boast as this, which here	
Spreads its bright level many a league around?	
At solemn distances its pillars rise,	260
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,	
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,	
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,	
And glossy shells in elegance of form,	
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.	265
Such calm oft checks their course, till this b	right
scene Is brush'd away before the riging broom	

Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swelling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar,

270

And fill'd with plenty, tho' dry sandy wastes Spread naked round; so great the power of trade. 275 Persia few ports: more happy Indostan Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts. And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd, Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves. But what avails or many ports or few, 280 Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair Starts up, while fell Revenge and Famine lead To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip, Which clanks along the vallies? Oft in vain The merchant seeks upon the strand whom erst, 285 Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd: In vain whom rage or famine has devour'd He seeks, and with increas'd affection thinks Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs On Britain. Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use, 290 Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain, And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower, And various gums; the cloathier knows their worth; And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees, Nor to the Fleece unfriendly, whether mix'd 295 In warp or woof, or with the line of flax, Or softer silk's material, tho' its aid To vulgar eyes appears not. Let none deem The Fleece in any traffic unconcern'd; By every traffic aided, while each work 300 Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom, And every loom employs each hand of art. Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade-Which Leeds or Cairo, Lima or Bombay, Helps not, with harmony, to turn around, 305

Tho' all unconscious of the union act. Few the peculiars of Canara's realm, Or sultry Malabar, where it behoves

THE FLEECE

The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,	
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;	310
Woody Cahetta, Birter rough with rocks,	
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills,	
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm	
Of bees in summer on a poplar's trunk,	
Clustering innumerable: these behind	315
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views	5 5
Ceylon's gray peaks, from whose volcanoes rise	
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks	
Darted in air aloft; around whose feet	
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,	320
In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd	
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,	
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow	
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand	
Of Cor'mandel, where Traffic grieves to see	325
Discord and Avarice invade her realms,	
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,	
"Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons! and ye Gauls	Ī
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,	
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts";	330
But cries aloud in vain. Yet, wise defence	
Against Ambition's wide-destroying pride,	
Madrass erected, and Saint David's fort,	
And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,	
Guarding the woven Fleece, Calcutta's tower,	335
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds	
The shining bales our factors deal abroad,	
And see the country's products, in exchange,	
Before them heap'd; cotton's transparent webs,	
Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,	340
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiseshell,	
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate	
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all	

The kingdoms round, our drap'ries are dispers'd,	
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,	345
And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream	0.0
Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;	
And late-discover'd Tibet, where the Fleece,	
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought	
To threadless drapery, which in conic forms	350
Of various hues their gaudy roofs adorns.	-
The keels which voyage thro' Molucca's Straits	
Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail,	
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods	
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth	355
In woolly vestures. Ternate and Tidore	
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove	
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd,	
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,	
The needs of life o'er every region pours.	360
Near those delicious isles the beauteous coast	
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,	
Ye sons of Trade! that ever-flow'ry shore,	
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks	?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;	365
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.	
Now the tall glossy tow'rs of porcelain	
And pillar'd pagod shine; rejoic'd they see	
The port of Canton opening to their prows,	
And in the winding of the river moor.	370
Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales;	
And works of Birmingham, in brass or steel,	2.2
And flint, and pond'rous lead, from deep cells rais	sa,
Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,	
That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubi	
These for the artists of the Fleece procure	375
These for the artists of the Lieuce blockle	

Various materials; and for affluent life

The flavour'd thea and glossy-painted vase;
Things elegant, ill-titled Luxuries,
In temperance us'd delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the strongest thread
Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
In constant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility, where, thick as stars, 385
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bord'ring seas,
Rise floating villages. No wonder, when
In every province firm and level roads, 390
And long canals, and navigable streams,
Ever with ease conduct the works of toil
To sure and speedy markets, thro' the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial tow'rs of Cambalu, 395
Now Pekin, where the Fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Russic caravans are brought,
Thro' Scythia's num'rous regions, waste and wild, 400
Journey immense! which to th' attentive ear
The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.
From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
The watery seat of Desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans, and urge, 405
Thro' dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road;
By compass steering oft from week to week,
From month to month; whole seasons view their
toils.
Neva they pass, and Kesma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone, 410
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract

In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.	
Close on the left unnumber'd tracks they view White with continual frost; and on the right	
The Caspian Lake, and ever-flow'ry realms,	415
Tho' now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide	
Are destin'd to the sword; and on each hand	
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot	
Thick strown; while in their rough bewilder'd vales	420
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,	420
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales	
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.	
Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,	
The gen'rous horse conveys the sons of Trade,	405
And ever and anon the docile dog,	425
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace	
Skims over icy lakes: now slow they climb	
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend	
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds	420
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls	430
Shine, like the rising moon, thro' watery mists;	
Tobol! th' abode of those unfortunate	
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;	
Solemn fraternity! where earl and prince,	435
Soldier and statesman, and uncrested chief,	
On the dark level of adversity	
Converse familiar; while amid the cares	
And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,	
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks	440
Of trade are kindled. Trade arises oft,	
And virtue, from adversity and want:	
Be witness, Carthage! witness, ancient Tyre!	
And thou, Batavia! daughter of distress.	
This with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,	445
The hammer lifts: another hands and weaves	

The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives: All are employ'd, and by their works acquire Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements, Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan 450 Thro' lively-spreading cultures, pastures green, And yellow tillages in opening woods; Thence on, thro' Narim's wilds, a pathless road They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex'd; Land of the lazy Ostiacs, thin dispers'd, 455 Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe, Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe! Void of commercial comforts; who nor corn, Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine, Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share, 460 Nor social aid: beneath their thorny bed The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare, And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks And azure mountains, and the heights admire 465 Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams Of Oby' and Irtis, and Jenisca swift, Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave 470 Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work, that matchless work of art,
The wall of China, by Chihoham's power,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent! beyond the length
Of many a potent empire: towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows

At equal spaces, and in prospect round Cities and plains, and kingdoms overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires,
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the Fleece convey'd
To China's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of steadfast earth; for so
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.

Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse! A new world found, extend thy daring wing. Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine, From high Parnassus, the unweary'd toils Of industry and valour, in that world Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song. Happy the voyage o'er th' Atlantic brine By active Raleigh made, and great the joy When he discern'd, above the foamy surge, A rising coast, for future colonies Opening her bays, and figuring her capes, Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole. No land gives more employment to the loom, Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land With more variety of wealth rewards The hand of Labour: thither from the wrongs Of lawless rule the free-born spirit flies; Thither Affliction, thither Poverty, And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime, Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind!

But joy superior far his bosom warms
Who views those shores in ev'ry culture dress'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley, and his countrymen

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THE FLEECE

Form'd into various states, pow'rful and rich,	
In regions far remote; who from our looms	
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes	
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,	520
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life	
The comforts taught, and various new desires,	
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,	
And spread Brittania's flocks o'er every dale.	
Ye who the shuttle cast along the loom,	525
The silk-worms' thread inweaving with the Fleece,	
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,	
Nor slight the green savannahs and the plains	
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise	
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields	530
Upsprings the verdant blade of thirsty rice.	
Where are the happy regions which afford	•
	ine a
Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,	
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads	535
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,	
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards	
The Fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts,	
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,	
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth	540
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,	
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.	
Blush, Europeans! whom the circling cup	
Of Luxury intoxicates. Ye routs,	
Who for your crimes have fled your native land;	545
And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain	
Seek easy habitations, void of care;	
The sons of Nature with astonishment	
And detestation mark your evil deeds,	
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,	550
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.	230

See the bold emigrants of Accadie, And Massachuset, happy in those arts That join the polities of trade and war. Bearing the palm in either; they appear 555 Better exemplars; and that hardy crew Who on the frozen beach of Newfoundland Hang their white fish amid the parching winds; The kindly Fleece, in webs of Duffield woof, Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth. 560 And frize of Cambria, worn by those who seek, Thro' gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay, The beaver's fur, tho' oft they seek in vain, While winter's frosty rigour checks approach Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why, 565 (If ye the travell'd sons of Commerce know) Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales, Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice? While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms, By the same zone encircled, long enjoy 570 Warm beams of Phoebus, and, supine, behold Their plains and hillocks blush with clust'ring vines? Must it be ever thus? or may the hand Of mighty Labour drain their gusty lakes, Enlarge the bright'ning sky, and, peopling, warm 575 The op'ning valleys and the yellowing plains? Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,

Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And thro' the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange

For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course

585

By the Antarctic circle; nor beyond Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed, Bahama and Caribbee, may be found Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's Isle The standard of Britannia shall arise. 590 Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay, And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye, The labouring vessel: neither may we trust The dreary naked Patagonian land, Which darkens in the wind: no traffic there, 595 No barter, for the Fleece: there angry storms, Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around Their thunders. Ye adventurous Mariners! Be firm; take courage from the brave: 't was there Perils and conflicts inexpressible 600 Anson, with steady undespairing breast, Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rouz'd Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now, 605 Rapidly, with the world of waters, down Descending to the channels of the deep, He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyss, And now the stars, upon the loftiest point Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst 610 Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas, Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts, While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd Ruins of decks, and shrouds, and sights of death. Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer, 615

Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten Land's o'erhanging shore, 620

Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever wild	
Posture of falling; as when Pelion rear'd	
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head	
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods	
Precipitate on earth were doomed to fall.	625
At length, thro' every tempest, as some branch	3
Which from a poplar falls into a loud	
Impetuous cataract, tho' deep immers'd,	
Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream,	
Smooth thro' the valleys; so his way be won	630
To the serene Pacific, flood immense!	5
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.	
Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,	
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave	
To show humanity and continence,	635
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left	00
No corner of the globe secure to Pride	
And Violence, altho' the far-stretch'd coast	
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,	
Arm'd in their evil cause; tho' fell Disease,	640
Un'bating Labour, tedious Time, conspir'd,	
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;	
Tho' that wide sea, which spreads o'er half	the
world,	
Deny'd all hospitable land or port;	
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found	645
To moor, no bottom in th' abyss whereon	
To drop the fastening anchor; tho' his brave	•
Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme;	
Tho' solitary left in Tinian's seas,	
Where never was before the dreaded sound	650
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark	
Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.	
So fare it ever with our country's foes!	
Rejoice, ve Nations! vindicate the sway	

Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour The fruits of plenty from her copious horn. What can avail to her, whose fertile earth	655
By Ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,	
The armed host, and murdering sword of war,	660
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er bre	aks
Her solemn compacts in the lust of rule: Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs	111
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight	1 "
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,	665 1
Among the habitations of mankind,	005
The various wealth of toil, and what her Fleece,	. 100
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms	
Peculiar give. Ye, too, rejoice, ye Swains!	
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares o	678
A day will come, if not too deep we drink	
The cup which luxury on careless wealth	
Pernicious gift! bestows; a day will come	
When, thro' new channels sailing, we shall clothe	
The Californian coast, and all the realms	675
That stretch from Hainan Straits to proud Japan,	
And the green isles, which on the left arise	
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes	
Not yet are figur'd on the sailors' chart:	680
Then every variation shall be told	080
Of the magnetic steel, and currents mark'd	
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.	
That portion, too, of land, a track immense, Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be know	· n
And new plantations on its coast arise.	
Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound	685
The only naked animal; but man	
With the soft Fleece shall every where be cloath'	d
Th' exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fresh,	<i>a.</i>
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THE POEMS OF JOHN DYER

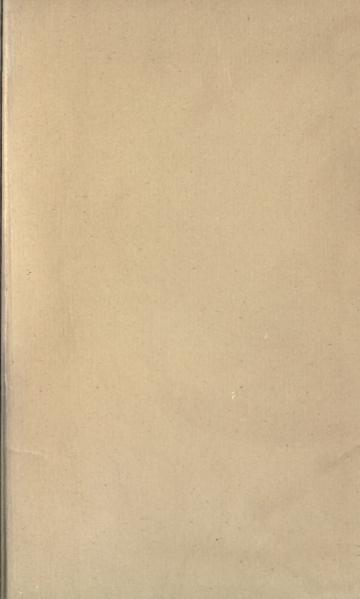
Her flight renew: meanwhile, with weary wing
O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight,
The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs arise
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

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